

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

ART IN PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

IT is a bald commonplace to rate the photographer as, at best, only an artisan, never an artist. But so many venerable commonplaces turn out rank fallacy, that one has a right to stop and question everything. It will save some wrangling, in claiming for a craft the dignity of an art, to take some definite attitude as to just what an art is.

This question should surely rest on something more than dogma. The ranking of art works is bound to be more or less a hopeless matter of personal opinion. But, admitting that there can be good art and bad art, there should certainly be some fairly definite line between what is art, however bad it may be, and what is not art, however good it may be.

Now, painting and sculpture, with all their subsidiary branches, may be axiomatically accepted as arts. They certainly have many things in common with photography. All three are representative; that is, they aim to give a permanent presentation of something seen or assumed to have been seen. But many eminent authorities draw a sharp line between the first two and the last. They are fine arts; this is—well, they call it, a trade susceptible of very pretty results.

It will be found, however, on examination, that these all too respectable dogma-mongers have only vaguely considered the qualities that make up an art. To come down to plain statement: What is it that a great painting has that a great photograph might not have? What are the qualities that go to make up a meritorious painting, anyway?

The color is the first thing one thinks of in a painting. Here is a distinct advantage over photography, though the day will surely come when colors in photography will be so perfected that painting will despair of rivalry in the correctness, the richness or the multiplicity of hues. Painting in colors is as old as civilization. Photography even in monochrome is a babe of less than a century.

But, be that as it may, color is, after all, not vital to art. Sculpture has none—or has had it rarely since the time of the tinted statuary of Greece. But paintings in black and white, sepia and monochrome, have no diversity of color; nor have etchings, nor has pen-and-ink work—all admittedly fine arts. Color, then, is not an essential.

Draftsmanship is a salient point in most painting. But this also is not vital. Some of the greatest painters have been notoriously halt at drawing, particularly painters of scenery. The great landscape poet, Inness,



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. J. McCULLAGH.

Copyright, 1898. by JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

was simply ridiculous when he attempted the human figure in detail. Besides, a painter who is much called about the most perfect draftsman of all time, Bouguereau, is also much called no artist at all. Draftsmanship and color, then, though lacking to photography, are not vital to art.

A great painting must have a Motive: it need not tell a story, but it must have a reason for being; it must fix some mood, some impression, some thought. This may be vague to the vanishing-point; but it must be present. The painting must convey some idea from the creator to the spectator. This thing, photography surely can do. If it be a glimpse of some fleeting beauty of nature or humankind, the camera can save much of it. If it be some interesting juxtaposition; if it be lines,



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHLOSS.

values, tones, the unforgetting retina will see it and remember. The ability of orthochromatic photography to preserve all the essentials, save the colors, of a Rembrandt, for example, is no less a proof of its powers because the result is mere copying.

Again, the vital traits of any art include the ability to set forth the motive—that is, Technic. Technic is the overcoming of problems; good technic overcomes an art's specific difficulties deftly; great technic overcomes them happily. Now, it is useless to say that photography has its problems and that they can be solved well or ill, and even happily. A successful photograph demands an ingenuity for the maximum development of materials, for the most emphatic, or most winning, presentation of the subject in hand. In short, photography plainly has its technic.

The tests of photographic skill lie not only in the proper use of developers, toners and fixers, the proper printing and other matters more or less mechanical, but quite as much in the selection of subjects, the disposition, or composition, of them, the view-point chosen, the lighting, the shading, and the focusing and time of exposure as bearing on the tone of the final picture. The technical trials of the painter, indeed, are hardly more numerous or vexing.

The problem of Composition is one of the major tests of the artist. It is hardly worth while to state that there are as great possibilities in the grouping and posing of a photographer's, as of a painter's, models. But composition with a painter is more than a mere preliminary posing. It has not usually been so to the musketeers of the camera, but the fact that few of them have been good at composition, is no reflection on the possibilities of photography itself. Painters were ignorant of the simplest laws of perspective until the fifteenth century.

Very important to a graphic art are the matters of Value and Tone. The photographer will find it hard not to get values, at least correctly and as they are in nature at the moment of photographing. To make the values typical and interesting in themselves is open to ingenuity and taste. As for Tone, the effects possible here are un-

surpassed anywhere. Certain printing papers, certain methods, produce a tone as rich and harmonious and haunting as any major ninth chord of music. One can find large photographs of Rembrandt and Hals portraits that in themselves rival their originals by their depth and perfection. The photographer who will study his time and place, can work along the same line in photographs of his own.

But above all other demands, a fine art calls for the individual touch. Almost more important than the result is the peculiar manner of reaching it; the personal item is most vital of all vital touches. One will excuse draftsmanship that is bad by inability or intention, if it is personal, as in Giotto or Aubrey Beardsley (a curious team they make!). For personality one will excuse crudity of color, as in Blake's atrocious, but impressive, plates; one will forgive technic that is mediocre or worse, as in Puvis de Chavannes's decorations; one will forgive technic that is flamboyant, as that of certain impressionists; one will forgive carelessness, microscopic detail, repetition, monotony, restlessness, inde-



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. I. BERG.

gency—anything, if one can only thereby feel a personality in a work and acquaint himself with a human character through its manifestations in art.

The poems, the novels, the plays, the music, the statues, the architectural creations, that live are those that embalm a personality or—what is the same thing on

If he had a pretty model, he might get a pretty picture; if not, what was to be done? To make an ugly face interesting, he took his retouching meat-ax and chopped out all the wrinkles and all the peculiarities of feature, and incidentally, of course, its last hope of interest—its character.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AIME DUPONT.

a larger scale—a nationality or a cycle.

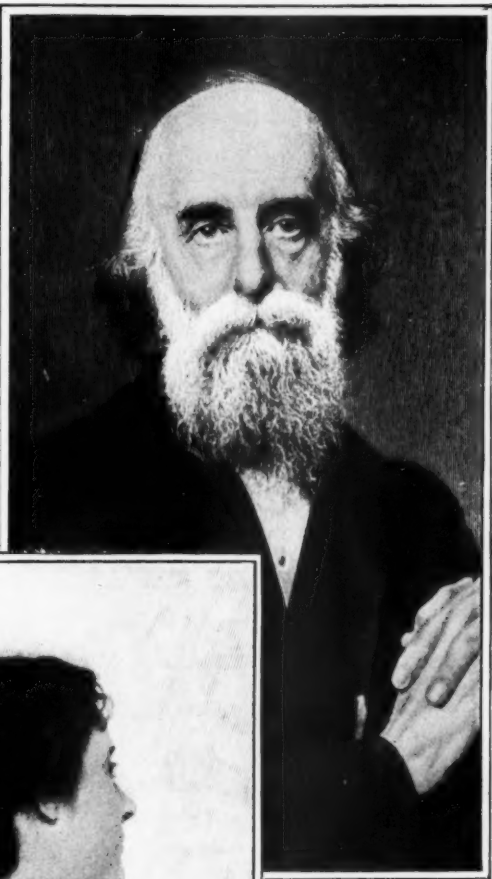
Herein has lain the great obstacle in the photographer's struggle for acceptance as an artist. He has used a certain kind of mounting board, a certain sort of paper, a certain set of accessories, and a certain style of fac-simile autograph. He has got himself trademarks, but no Manner.

Light and shade? Yes, they knew of that, but shadows were dangerous. Leave chiaroscuro to amateurs. The professional had other principles, too. Both sides of the face must be lighted equally by white reflectors. Then, too, both ears must never show, the head should be erect—the deadly clamp fixed that, till one felt as if his decapitated

head were miles above his body and stuck up on some ancient castle wall. There were other rules, like that against photographing the back of the hand; most of them as radically incorrect and insolent as the minuter rules of musical composition.

The photographer thus became a simple craftsman; photography was hardly better than a trivial business, trading on personal vanity. But so have there been times when painting has been a matter of guilds, well-established trade-unionism and a business-like opposition to upstart innovation.

But, thanks almost wholly to the amateur, to whom photography was a luxury, an



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.

undeveloped art, and not a daily grind; and thanks to the fact that he had time and money and enthusiasm to spend on experiment, and could afford nine failures to achieve one pleasing, and unmarketable, success, photography has been at last evolved from a physical and chemical phenomenon and from a busy trade into a youthful art.

The chief objection that the conservative will make to this high opinion of photography, is the plethora of detail and the hopeless ex-

actitude of the camera. A painter does not pretend, and does not wish, to include in his picture everything he sees. Not every leaf on the tree, not every hair in the head, is desirable in a picture. The painter is selective, and composes, seeking to enforce his main theme stripped of distracting details. But this composition is not denied the photographer. By blurring his focus slightly, as A. Horsley Hinton, the English photographer, does, he can hide away too great detail and secure charming atmospheric effects. This fault of superabundant minutiae may be avoided, too, by careful study of light and shade and distance.

A further objection from



PHOTOGRAPH BY
HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.



PHOTOGRAPH BY
HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.

the conservative will concern itself with the fact that in all its phases photography requires a considerable mechanical intervention between the man and his work. They point to the painter and his direct relation with the canvas and palette. Yet the sculptor is thought no less an artist because he makes a little clay model and has it mathematically enlarged to a statue and cut in marble by stone-cutters. The architect is not denied his glory because between him and the majesty of his cathedral intervenes an army of workmen with a multitude of human and mechanical devices, from stone saws and freight trains to hod-carriers and derricks.

There is a necessary directness of relation between an artist and his work, but as long as the communication is direct and authoritative it makes no difference how many agents it passes through in getting to its destination. So the plan of a general is wrought out by the skill of myriad subordinates.

The painter is, after all, only laying on certain substances in certain ways so that they shall so reflect light as to suggest something entirely different; a greasy blotch of prepared pigment stands for a rising sun; a flat wash of ooze represents the depth, the breadth, the boundlessness of the convex and infinitely convoluted sea. The charm of the photographer's relation to his art is its intimacy. He must select his dry plates for their known qualities, as an artist selects his colors; compose his subject, regarding light and perspective and expression; he must make his focus sharp or mellow according to his own eye; he must time the exposure according to the effect desired; he must develop his plate to the point that pleases his taste; he must print his picture to the desired body on a paper chosen for its special qualities; he must burnish this, or not, as he sees fit; he must mount and frame it as his judgment directs. He is responsible for every step of the process. He is to blame for every fault; he must be credited with every success. He cannot shake off esthetic concern at any stage. He can hardly fail so badly



PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDERWEYDE, LONDON.

that he is worse than the chromo-painter; he can surely succeed to such a degree as to deserve criticism as an artist. great cathedral higher than a great statue; the Parthenon above the Pallas that Phidias made for it. So, by comparison, you get

It is more and more possible for the photographer to have a manner of his own. It rests with him. If he is somebody, his work will be artistically interesting, perhaps important.

I am as far as possible from meaning that this comparison between the requirements of photographic art and the painter's should be taken as any comparison of the arts themselves. I have been comparing methods and not results.

This is by no means to say that the supreme photographer is as great as a supreme painter like Raphael.

Comparison between arts is vanity in any case. If you say that you prefer a mediocre painter's portrait to the best thing the best photographer could

do, some other monomaniac might prefer a mediocre portrait-statue to the best thing a painter could do. Another might rate a

still life, and those groups which may be technically called "ideal," though it is unsafe to set the word loose among them,

nowhere after all—except to the place Moses occupied when the light went out.

Without any bootless attempt to rank the arts, then, it seems to me unjust to deny photography an admittance among them.

That it has its commercial aspect, and only infrequently challenges serious artistic attention, is not a fatal objection any more than the fact that the great majority of paintings, from chromos and signboards up, make little demand upon critical interest. And the merciful judge will remember that photography is only in its infancy as an art.

Strangely enough, the development of the artistic side of photography has been chiefly confined to the study of



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEEK & EPLER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHLOSS.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

unmuzzled with quotation marks. The favorite style in this sort of picture has been pseudo-classicism, in which frightened women attitudinize in classical scenery of a particularly painted or wilted look. The women seem usually to have put off their ease with their corsets, high heels, big sleeves and separate skirts. They feel evidently immodest and self-conscious without them. Besides, they are almost never shapely in costumes that rely for their grace on the figure beneath, rather than on the ingenuity of the dressmaker and the corset-fitter. Worse yet, they nearly always pretend to some sentimental significance, to which the namby-pamby of certain painters is an Icelandic majesty.

But, in spite of the pitfalls and failures that mark this style of "ideal" photography, there have been some complete successes achieved, with all the atmosphere of technical finish, happiness of motive and general charm. The difficulty of "idealizing" the model up to the costume, is the chief obstacle to satisfaction in these pictures. But with well-chosen models, and fitting light and shade, and sensible sentiment, there is room for delightful results.

In their devotion to these subjects and to landscape (in which some noble and poetic results have been attained), photographers have too much neglected what should be the chief field of photography—portraiture. Spasmodic attempts have been made by amateurs, and some professional photographers have done occasional works of excellent spirit and handling. But since good portraiture, even in painting, is one of the most difficult feats, as it is one of the easiest-looking, so must it be in photography.

The ideals to be sought are the same as the ideal of the painter, minus the color. In the first place,



PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉ DUPONT.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BEN-YUSUF.

shadow where the light rests on the prominent feature vividly but softly. That distinctness is an absolute requirement in a good photograph is a disproved maxim, and the retouching frame is becoming an obsolete accessory of the photographer's art. What is sought for is a characteristic expression artistically emphasized.

With the platinum print, effects that rival the best steel engraving for a refinement of definition are obtained. Upon the printing the utmost care must be spent, and any changes that are needed are made here with a brush; though it is rather touching up than the usual photographic touching out.

This is not all. The print must be cut to the best advantage, and while artful composition was sought in posing the figure, it is now reinforced by a new study of the relation of lines to the whole. Some remarkably interesting results may thus be obtained by such experiments, the only guiding principle of which, except the whim of unfailing good taste, is a rule that salient points and lines shall not be equidistant from the marginal lines.

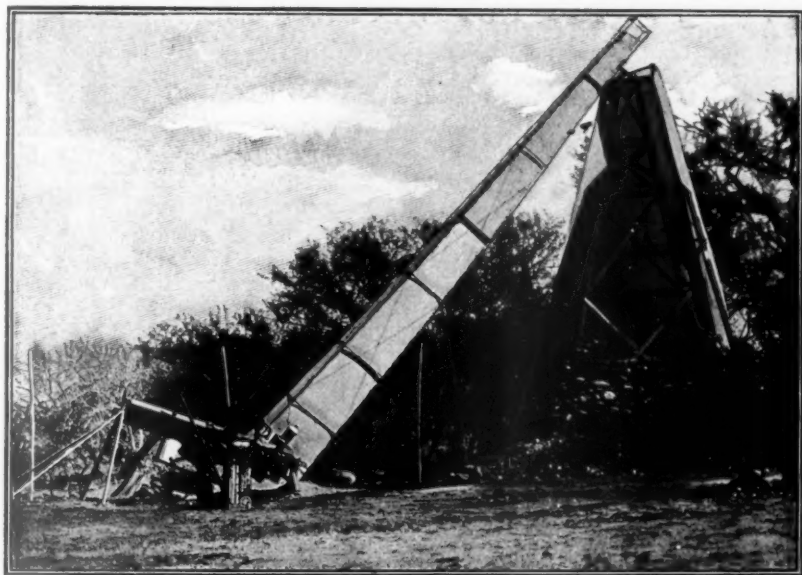
We are beginning to feel in the work of many photographers that charm of mere lines which marks a great painting; the curve of a throat, the sweep of an arch, the beauty of a fold of cloth, a mass of satin, a fleece of lace—all seeming to be laid on lovingly by a master hand. This is not at all a mere imitation of painting; it is the instillation of the personality of the artist.

of course, a portrait should be a likeness. Many famous painters seem to think this a bagatelle, but since most patrons are rather interested in leaving memorials of their own features, than of the artist's imagination, common commercial honesty should see that they get what they pay for.

Then a portrait should not be merely a likeness of some fleeting expression; it should be typical, a summary of characteristics into one look. In general, the fault with photographs that do not seem to resemble their originals, lies in the sitter, who did not at the critical moment wear a characteristic expression—did not, in other words, resemble himself. If you have friends whose features are always alive and whose expressions are volatile, look at them closely when their faces are in repose; you can hardly recognize them, and seeing is hardly believing. The habitually solemn man puts on a mask when he smiles; the merry girl slips behind Tragedy to look serious. The portrait-painter and the photographer should acquaint themselves with the natural humor of their clients, and catch the typical expression at any pains.

Again, a portrait should be so made as to interest those who are strangers to the original. It should vividly acquaint the chance spectator with the soul of the model, and his look. To do this, the painting must have character. It must also have technical interest, composition, tone, strength or grace of line, texture and value of flesh and costume, style and distinction.

A photographer can put these qualities into his work and attain his own individuality only by careful attention to each print. He now studies the choice of the most favorable light, and has come to believe in the beauty of shadows. He will likely as not stand the subject against the wall, back in a



PROFESSOR CAMPBELL'S PHOTOHELIOGRAPH.

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO INDIA.

BY SIR NORMAN LOCKYER.

INDIA seems to be among the most favored lands in the matter of eclipses. The years 1868, 1871 and now 1898 have been made memorable in astronomical annals by Indian observations. In England the opposite condition holds: she is the least favored; there has been no total eclipse of the sun here since 1715. British eclipse observers therefore have always to go afield, and sometimes very far afield, to seize the precious moments so fraught with new knowledge. I myself have now for the second time, after an interval of twenty-seven years, just returned from India, where again the eclipse has been observed under perfect conditions, along a line stretching from the west coast to the Ganges, occupied at many points with instruments of unprecedented power.

In 1871 solar physics may be said to have been in its infancy; looking back, one is struck by the great advance that has since been made, chiefly owing to the application of that most valuable aid to nearly all the sciences, photography, to

new lines of work. In 1871 photography was the exception; all spectroscopic observations were made by the eye. Since that year the methods of attacking solar problems have been entirely changed and permanent photographic records are now, and wisely, considered far more valuable than eye observations. In fact, in the few precious moments of totality, eye observations are always associated with a certain amount of uncertainty, owing to the excitement, anxiety and hurry of the observer; while on the other hand, a large number of photographs may be obtained in a like interval of time; these, besides securing perfect accuracy, can be examined and re-examined, and worked out afterward when the astronomer has returned to his observatory or laboratory. In fact, the greater efficiency of the photographic method is now so entirely beyond all question that in the recent eclipse it was practically employed throughout.

The general use of photography, however, is not the only thing that strikes one

in comparing the work done at eclipses twenty-seven years apart. Our knowledge of the sun has vastly increased in the interval, and as a consequence the things we want to know now are by no means the same as the things we wanted to know then. To understand this change of front, it is necessary only to recognize wherein the importance of a total eclipse of the sun lies.

The sun, as we see him every day, appears as a disk of enormous brilliancy, and this photosphere, as it is called, floods our air with light of such intensity that, as everybody knows, the stars disappear as soon as the sun rises and remain in-

brilliant-colored ring, or chromosphere, which encircles the dark moon, that the brightly colored "red-flames" or "prominences" are noticed. These latter can, however, now be observed without the aid of an eclipse, by a method suggested many years ago. During an eclipse the forms and colors of these solar surroundings can be observed by the naked eye or a telescope, but in this way one deals with forms only. We get no idea as to their chemical nature, that is, whether they are composed of materials with which we are familiar on the earth. It is in this direction that the work during the last thirty



LORD GRAHAM'S KINEMATOGRAPH HUT.

visible till it sets. Hence it must at the same time and for the same reason obliterate any less brilliant portion of its own structure which may extend beyond that disk. Now, if by some means this photosphere be blotted out, as it is in reality in an eclipse, by the moon's coming between it and the earth, we shall see not only the stars but also these exterior dimmer portions of the solar atmosphere, if they really exist. As a matter of fact, there are found to be the most important appendages to the photosphere called the "chromosphere" and the "corona," which are seen and can be studied on these occasions. It is in connection with the

years has been most fruitful, and it is not necessary for me to point out the intense interest the solution of such problems must have, not only for the student of nature but for any one who cares at all about the things which surround him, whether in the heavens or on the earth.

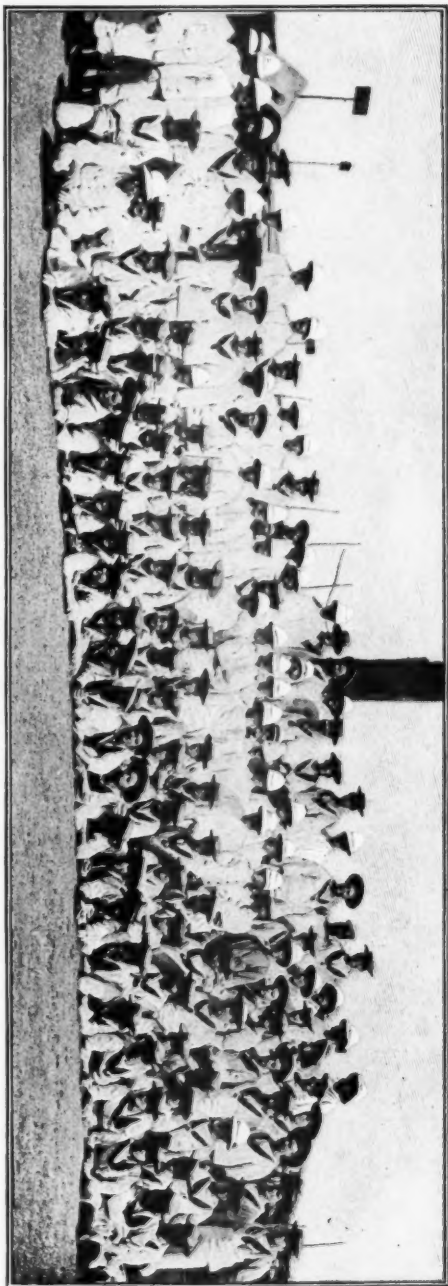
In making a study of these phenomena from the chemical point of view, the spectroscope plays the most important part. This instrument depends for its action on the dispersive property of a prism. If white light, for instance, be passed through one, it will be found to have been broken up into a band of color containing all the tints of the rainbow, from the violet to the

red. This band of color is known as a spectrum. In this way, any kind of light may be examined, and from the resulting spectrum the physical and chemical composition of the light-source can be deduced with more or less completeness.

It will thus be seen that the spectroscope is a wonderfully useful and important instrument, for by its means we are actually able to analyze the light sent to us from different parts of the sun and find out the chemical nature of the substances involved. The use of this instrument in studying the sun is by no means of very recent date, but of late years an important step has been made in the mode of its application during eclipses.

Generally, when the sun is studied by means of a spectroscope, an image of the sun is thrown on a plate of metal containing a fine slit, and the light of the exact part of the sun to be examined, whether spot or prominence, is made to fall on the slit and pass through the system of prisms, so that eventually the spectrum thus produced reaches the eye or the photographic plate. It is found, however, that by allowing the light first to fall on the prism mounted in front of the object-glass of a telescope, a series of spectral images of the light-source is obtained at the focus. For eclipse work this form of instrument, known as the prismatic camera when arranged for photography, is very nearly ideal, for the slit in this case is represented by the bright ring encircling the dark moon. The spectrum thus obtained, instead of consisting of a number of lines at right angles to the length of the spectrum, is composed of rings or parts of rings in place of these lines, and their actual forms are images of those appendages which just skirt the limb of the dark moon. Not only are the forms of the prominences clearly depicted according to every tint of the light which they give out, but the thickness of the rings

THE OBSERVERS AT VIZIADROOG.



themselves gives us a means of determining the height to which the solar atmospheric layers, variously constituted chemically, extend.

Although all students of the nature of the sun are prepared to concede that the chemical and physical inquiries to which I have referred are of the highest importance, they are not the only ones to be made, if the fullest advantage is to be taken of the eclipse. The shape, size and brightness of the corona must not be neglected, and there is a wide range of terrestrial phenomena also to be studied.

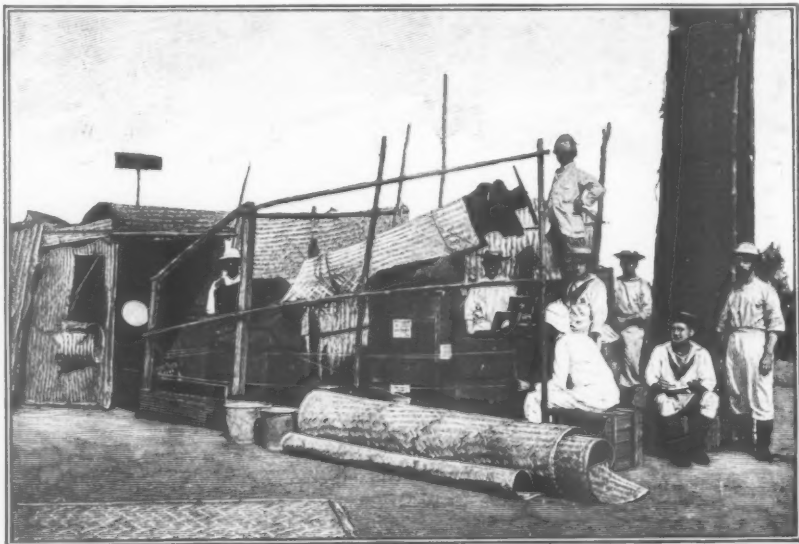
Now that all the parties have returned from observing the 1898 eclipse, and a preliminary account of the results they have obtained has been given to the Royal Society, it is possible to endeavor to state what each party tried to do; what new facts have been garnered, and what new fields of inquiry have been opened up during the last darkening of the sun.

I may begin by saying more powerful instruments were employed than have generally been used at such times. The eclipse itself was a very favorable one from this point of view; the track of the moon's shadow cutting right through India in a direction southwest to northeast. The great development of the railway system made

it quite easy to transport heavy instruments to several points along the line.

The time of the year, January, was further responsible for the great number of parties sent out, since in that month fine weather can be counted upon. By a judicious arrangement the several observers were well scattered along the line; the importance of separating the parties in work of this kind cannot be too often insisted upon: it was clearly demonstrated by the eclipse which took place in Norway in 1896. At that time the majority of the observers took up their stations near Vadsö in the Varanger fiord, where the weather gave the best promise. A few other observers were fortunate enough to select other spots considered by many to be hopeless, and Mr. Shackleton, one of my assistants, was able, by the kindness of Sir George Baden-Powell, to make a series of excellent observations at Nova Zembla, where the weather at the time of eclipse was satisfactory, while all the parties at Vadsö and the other side of the fiord were clouded out.

To come back to the final arrangements for the recent expeditions, the most westerly position was occupied by my party, and originally consisted of Mr. Fowler, the Demonstrator of Astronomical Physics in the Royal College of Science;



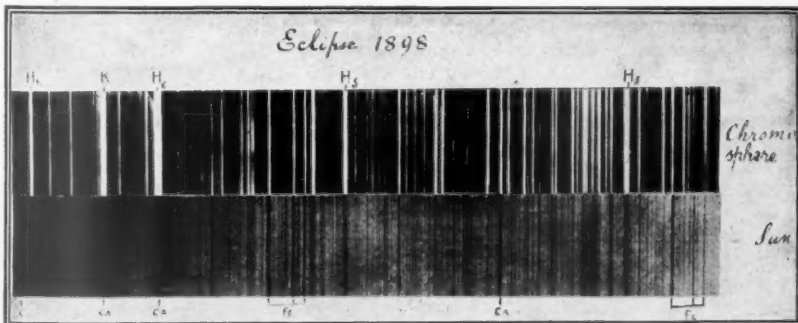
THE NINE-INCH PRISMATIC CAMERA AND ITS STAFF.



THE SIX-INCH PRISMATIC CAMERA AND ITS STAFF.

Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, and myself. The Marquis of Graham; Professor Pedler, F.R.S., and Mr. John Eliot, F.R.S., the Meteorological Reporter to the government of India, subsequently joined in the order named. But this was not all: Capt. Chisholm Batten, the remaining officers and about one hundred and thirty men of H. M. S. "Melpomene," which had been detailed by the Admiralty to take us to our station from Colombo, volunteered their assistance, so that eventually we had about one hundred and forty observers all told, the strongest observing party the world has ever seen.

The next party to the eastward, at Jeur, was that of Professor Campbell from the Lick Observatory. He came alone, but on arriving at Bombay called for volunteers from among the officers of the Royal and Indian Navies stationed there. The call was answered at once by Captain Fleet, Lieutenants Kinnahan, Mansergh and Corbett, all of the Royal Navy; Major Boileau, R.E., and many others; and all the instruments he brought with him from America were successfully employed. With one of these—a forty-foot telescope used by Professor Schaeberle in Chili in 1893—he took photographs of the co-



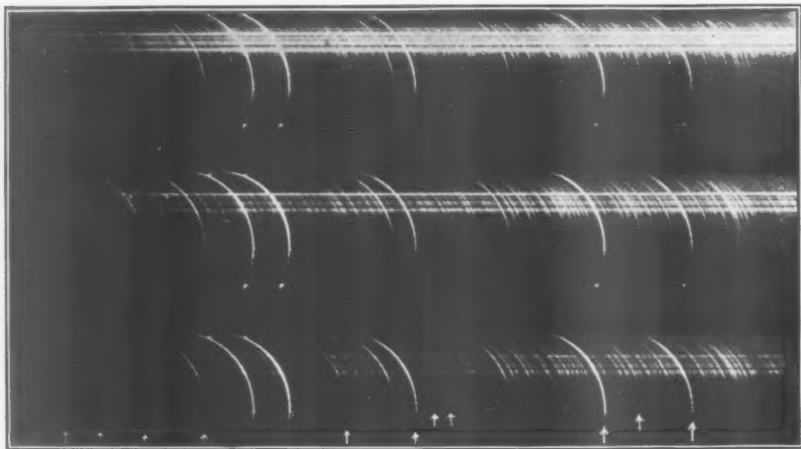
COMPARISON OF THE DARK FRAUNHOFER LINES WITH THE BRIGHT LINES OF THE CHROMOSPHERE AT THE BEGINNING OF TOTALITY.

rona on plates twenty inches square. Professor Campbell, who did not wish to erect a framework of great size, overcame the difficulty by sinking the camera end some ten feet in the ground and supporting the object-glass on a tower twenty-three feet high. With the telescope thus oriented and fixed, the image of the sun on the ground glass did not remain stationary, so the photographic plate was placed on a traveling carriage, the speed and direction of motion of which were regulated to keep the image stationary on it. In this way he obtained twelve photographs, the moon's disk being four and one-half inches in diameter.

graphs, which he was good enough to show me when I passed through Poona some days after the eclipse. Professor Naegamvala was further successful in his small pictures of the corona, which are exceedingly sharp and full of detail.

At this station, also, there were another party of our American cousins from the Chalot Observatory, and the only party of foreigners who went out this year to observe the eclipse, consisting of two Japanese astronomers.

The next easterly station was Pulgaon, occupied by Captain Hills, R.E., and Mr. Newall. The former had taken out spectroscopes of the ordinary construction, but



PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE KIND OF RECORD SECURED BY THE SIX-INCH PRISMATIC CAMERA, WITH TWO PRISMS MOUNTED HORIZONTALLY. THE PART SELECTED INCLUDES THREE OF THE TEN SPECTRA TAKEN AT THE BEGINNING OF TOTALITY AT INTERVALS OF ABOUT A SECOND. THE HYDROGEN AND HELIUM RINGS ARE INDICATED BY ARROWS.

Besides two other instruments for obtaining photographs of the corona on a smaller scale than the one mentioned above, he used three spectroscopes, arranged for three special pieces of work. In all the several operations, Professor Campbell, with the able assistance of his large naval staff, was, I am told, rewarded with very successful results.

Not far from Professor Campbell's camp was that of Professor Naegamvala, the director of the Poona Observatory, who made very elaborate plans for observing the eclipse. One of his chief instruments was a six-inch prismatic camera, with two prisms. With this he obtained some very valuable photo-

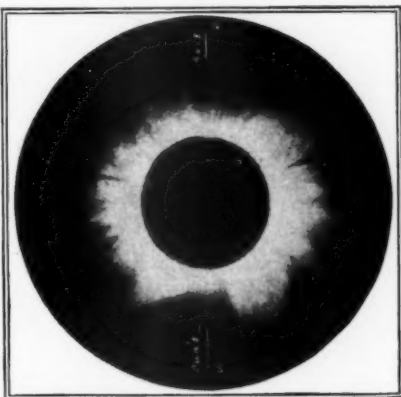
graphs of a greater dispersion than any before used; and both he and Mr. Newall obtained most important results along several lines of work.

Dr. Copeland (the Astronomer Royal for Scotland) near Nagpur took large photographs of the corona, and ingeniously used the same instrument as a prismatic camera by inverting a large direct-vision prism in front of the object-glass for some of the exposures. Unfortunately, some of the photographs obtained at this station show stains upon the plates, which were attributed to fumes from the species of American satinwood which formed the plate-holders. These holders had been used in Norway without ill effect.

The Astronomer Royal (Mr. Christie) and Professor Turner took up their position at Sahdol, still farther to the northeast. They were equipped with the necessary apparatus for photographing the corona on both a large and a small scale. The former took several pictures of the partial phases and seven pictures during totality; the larger images, measuring four inches in diameter, were obtained by a secondary magnifier. Professor Turner also used a photographic polariscope. Mr. M. Smith, the Government Astronomer at Madras, was with this party and secured some fine large-scale photographs of the corona.

The parties sent out by the British Astronomical Association were still farther to the east, one of them observing at Buxar, from which station, it may be added, the Viceroy and many members of the Indian government witnessed the eclipse, several special trains being run from Calcutta.

So much for the principal parties. The photograph of Professor Campbell's instrument will afford an idea of the method used to obtain the large-scale coronas, which was the aim of the majority of the observers. I will now pass on to the prismatic cameras and deal with those worked at Vizianagor. The six-inch camera with two 45° prisms was worked by Mr. Fowler, and the nine-inch with one prism by Dr. Lockyer. The programme with both instruments was to begin taking a series of ten snap-shot pictures five seconds before

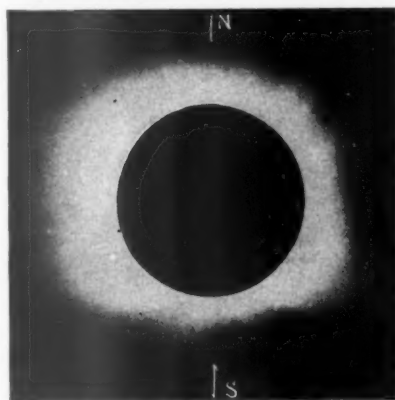


THE CORONA OF 1871. (FROM A DRAWING.)

the commencement of totality, to obtain a record every second or thereabouts of the spectrum of the chromosphere. After this, eight other plates were exposed during mid-totality to secure photographs of the coronal rings, the exposures being of various lengths. At five seconds before the end of totality, another series of ten snap-shots was commenced, exposing the last of these some few seconds after totality. On developing the plates, it was found that everything had gone satisfactorily.

The brightness of the corona this year was also quite extraordinary. So bright was it that not a lamp was wanted by anybody. Now, it is obvious that the difference between the amount of light given out by the last retreating arc of sunlight and by the complete ring of the corona, must determine the intensity of the shadow thrown by the moon during an eclipse. But not only must the conditions be there to produce a shadow, but to see it best the air must not be too free from dust and moisture; and it must be seen from an elevation.

As a well-defined shadow had been anticipated, the kinematograph was used for the first time in an attempt to photograph its passage through the air. The Marquis of Graham, indeed, brought out with him two instruments, one for photographing the whole phenomenon of the eclipse, and another for recording the appearance of the landscape as the shadow approached and receded. For the former he used a small

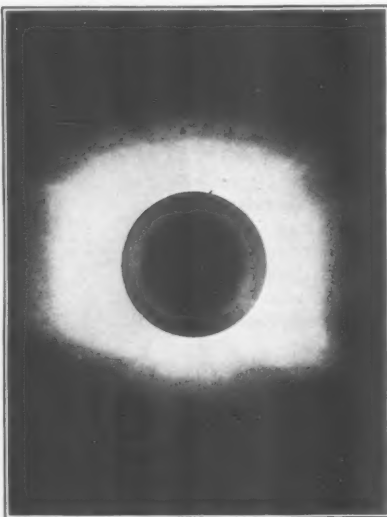


THE CORONA OF 1898, PHOTOGRAPHED BY STAFF ENGINEER KERR.

calostat to reflect the sunlight into his instrument. Another kinematograph was used by the Rev. J. M. Bacon, who undertook for Mr. Maske-lyne to obtain a series of pictures. Although both Lord Graham and he succeeded in making a set of exposures, nothing has come of it. It is quite certain that Lord Graham's films, one containing eight hundred pictures, were fogged, in consequence most probably of cracks in the instrument brought about by long exposure in the sun. It is said that Mr. Bacon's film has been stolen.

It will be many months before all the observations made during the eclipse can be properly discussed and compared; but the foregoing very hasty sketch indicates that much new knowledge has been gained. But this new knowledge has not been confined to solar matters.

The extraordinary interest and skill displayed by the officers and men of H. M. S. "Melpomene" under Capt. Chisholm Batten have shown that in eclipses in which a man-

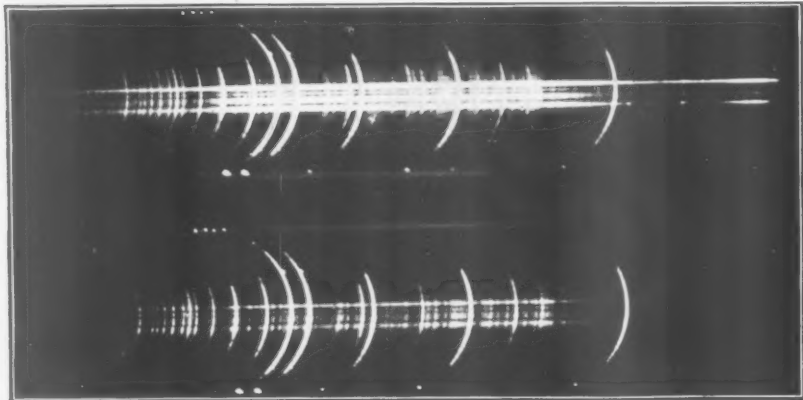


ECLIPSE OF 1898.

of-war can be employed, the most effective and the most economical means of securing observations is to depend upon the naval personnel, one or two skilled observers being sent out to help in the final adjustments of instruments according to the number it is intended to employ.

During the three days' voyage in the "Melpomene" from Colombo to our station, it was made clear at the start that the "Melpomenes" knew all about it, and were deter-

mined to outvie, if possible, the doings of the "Volages" in 1896, when Capt. King Hall, all his officers and seventy of his men had come forward to assist, and carried everything out in the most perfect manner till the last moment, when the eclipse was itself eclipsed by clouds. When a call for volunteers was made by Captain Batten, one hundred and twenty came forward at once. As the number of volunteers still increased after we got to work, I pointed out to Captain



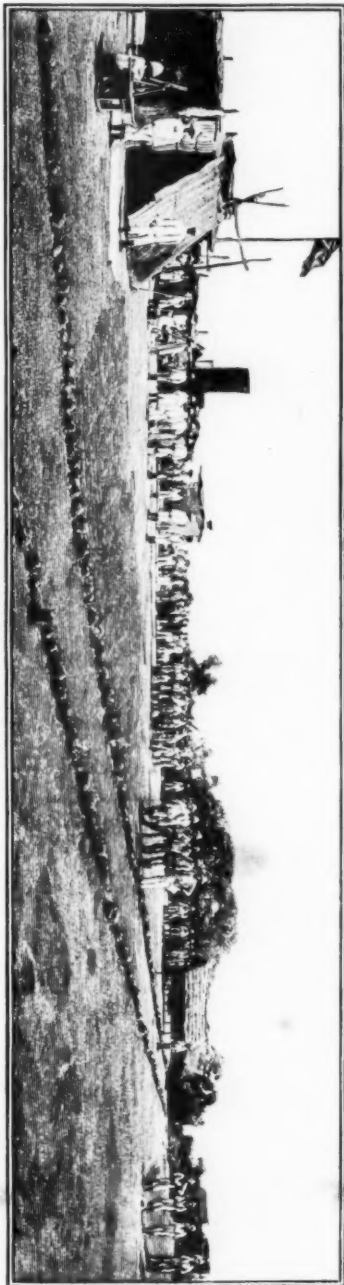
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECORD SECURED BY THE NINE-INCH PRISMATIC CAMERA WITH ONE PRISM, THE TUBE BEING INCLINED SO AS TO SECURE SYMMETRY. TWO SPECTRA ARE SHOWN OF THE TEN TAKEN AT THE BEGINNING OF TOTALITY AT ABOUT ONE SECOND'S INTERVAL.

Batten, who had previously offered his services in a special branch of the observations, the importance of his taking charge of the whole camp, and giving all the necessary orders for conducting the operations during the general rehearsals and the eclipse itself. To this he eventually agreed, and the mode of procedure and time signals were arranged between us.

The unprecedented party practically spent one week in putting up the instruments, and another in drills; lectures and demonstrations being given every day by Lieutenants Blackett, Colbeck, Dugmore, Senior Engineer Mountfield and myself. Mr. Fowler and Dr. Lockyer were enabled to report all the fixed instruments, eight in number, erected and all but the final adjustments made, after six days' work, a long break in the middle of the day being necessary in consequence of the heat. Such an achievement as this is beyond all eclipse precedent, and was rendered possible only by the help of a large staff of highly trained men.

One word may be mentioned about the drills and rehearsals which went on during the last few days at eclipse time. The general time signals were given by a bugler under Captain Batten's orders. For the work of the prismatic cameras it was important to obtain a signal as nearly as possible five seconds before the beginning of totality, and in order to be independent of a possible error of the chronometer, it was arranged to determine this by direct observations. Two methods were adopted. In one of them a boat was moored at a distance of two miles from the camp in the direction of approach of the shadow, as it had been computed that the shadow would pass this point five seconds before totality. This method failed in consequence of the indefinite boundary of the shadow. The second mode of procedure was to determine when the visible remaining crescent of the sun subtended an angle of forty-five degrees; calculation showed that this would occur at the desired interval before totality. This method was completely successful. Since my return I have been informed that a similar plan had been devised by Professor Turner in 1896.

The special signals during totality were given every ten seconds, beginning at one hundred and twenty-seven, the assumed period of totality, by means of the eclipse clock. This was started at the signal "go" by cutting the thread, and two bluejackets sang out the number of seconds *left*—which is what everybody

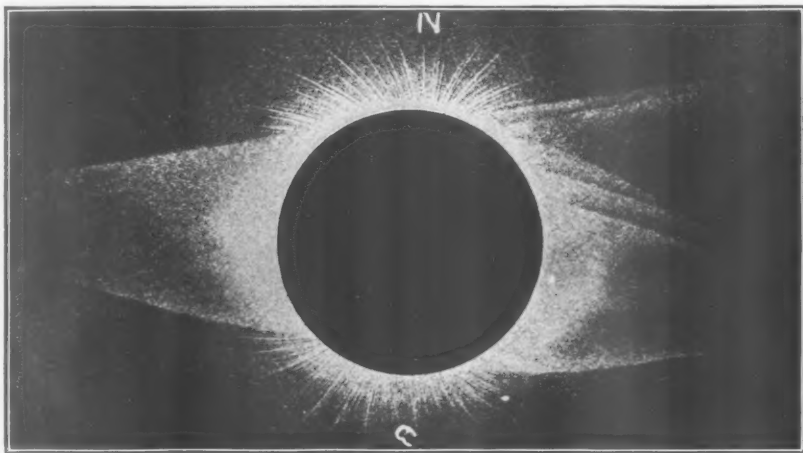


A "DRESS REHEARSAL" AT VIZIANAGOR.

wants to know—one during the first half, the other during the second half of totality, so that both might see the eclipse. In the system adopted, not only was the time left called out every tenth second, but other signals were interpolated to guide the work in the photographic huts.

In order that there might be no mistake about the calls, a spiral was drawn on the clock face and the number of seconds left plainly marked at the points which the second-hand would occupy during its two revolutions. In consequence of the perfect

on arriving at Viziadroog we were received very kindly by Mr. Bomanji, the collector of Ratnagiri; there were also on the spot an overseer of the public works department in charge of some most excellent masons and carpenters (picked men from Ratnagiri, as we later ascertained), and plenty of material for the construction of the necessary concrete bases and huts. It was important to erect the huts as soon as possible, to shelter not only the instruments but the observers from the sun. In the fort was also a police guard, by whom the



THE CORONA OF 1876. (FROM A DRAWING.)

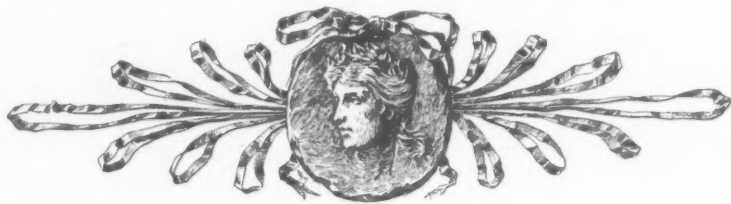
drill acquired at the rehearsals, the operations went off during the eclipse with absolute steadiness, and the great success of the observations at Viziadroog is largely due to Capt. Chisholm Batten and his ship's company.

All the expeditions have returned full of gratitude to the Indian authorities for the admirable arrangements made, both for their work and for their comfort, at the various stations.

To take my own station as an example:

camp was watched both day and night so efficiently that no damage to any of the instruments was reported. The assistance rendered was on the same scale along the whole line of totality. The gratitude of the observers therefore can be readily imagined.

The next total eclipse happens on May 28, 1900; it will be visible in the United States and Spain; if the results obtained this year are improved upon, then it will be a great day for science.





GEISHA GIRLS.

BY ALICE NIELSEN.

AFTER a solid week of the daily grind of sight-seeing, visiting the palace of his Royal Highness the Mikado, the ruler of the island Empire of the Rising Sun, the great lord of the land of the chrysanthemum; curious old temples, tea-gardens, the great theater at Tokio; taking a trip to the giant statue of Diuputsu, the bronze god of wisdom, and doing the curio shops, until satiated with far Eastern lore, I conceived the idea of visiting the Oriental prima donna at home, and communicated it to the obliging little Japanese guide, who had been our constant companion and adviser since our arrival at Yokohama. I was informed that there was no Japanese prima donna, and could hardly bring myself to believe it. Think of a land of painting, poetry and song, without a prima donna! But such is really the case. Japan has no music of her own, so why have any great

singers? There is no denying the fact that, with a decided love for music, the Japanese are sadly unsuccessful in their efforts to make it. They easily learn the airs of other lands and become proficient in the use of foreign musical instruments, and enjoy them, but their national music is intolerable.

The Japanese opera is a reality, however. Bands of professional singers and musicians travel about, with only a stand to hold the libretto, from which they give declamatory readings, accompanied by the music of the samisen and other instruments; and those who understand them insist that these operatic productions are artistic and really worth hearing. To me, however, in the only tea-garden performance of opera I ever had an opportunity of hearing, the sole charm lay in the surroundings, the gayly dressed audience, the paper lanterns shed-

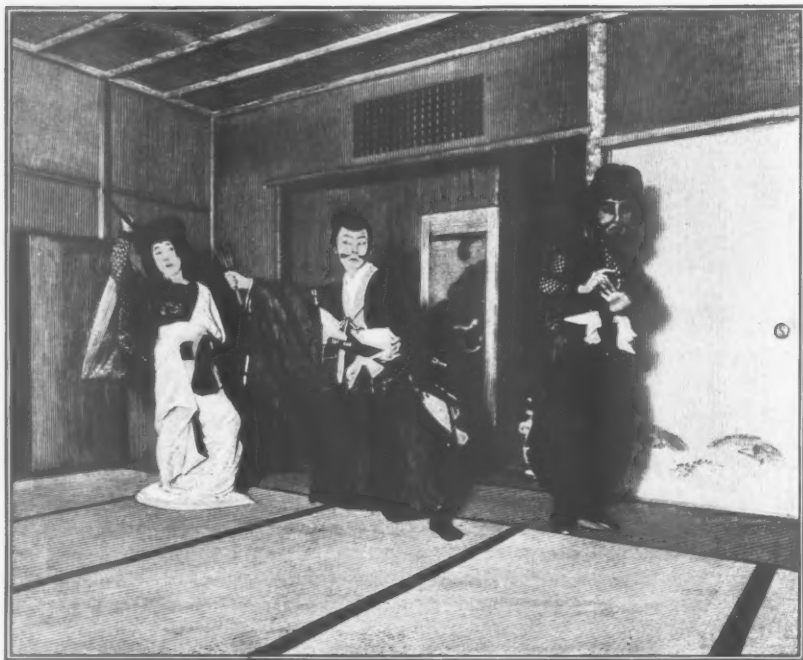
ding a soft, mellow light among the trees, the gentle sighing of a summer wind and the low, moaning swish and swirl of the tide on the beach. The tea-garden is the favorite Japanese pleasure resort, about which many volumes have been written, but there are gardens and gardens, ranging from those frequented by the aristocratic families to the real "dive" variety, and one must be sure of the guide to avoid being found where the performance would shock even the most broad-minded traveler.

Fully determined to visit a native operatic artist, either in her home or in her dressing-room at the tea-garden, I bribed our guide to arrange for the interview without informing any of the other members of our party, and awaited results. My patience was rewarded by being informed that Ito (not the Marquis) had arranged for me to go the following evening to the quarters of a troupe of geisha girls, who were living in a large house across the river from our

hotel, just at the foot of the bluffs or range of hills back of the city of Yokohama. When the time arrived I managed to get away from the hotel on the plea of a slight headache, and after my friends had started for the theater to hear an English company, I slipped out of the house, entered a jinrikisha, and away we went through the streets to the river, over a long, narrow bridge and through crooked lanes, to an old house, where I found at least a dozen pretty Japanese girls huddled into a small outer hall or room, evidently awaiting my arrival. They crowded around me, all talking at once, and were quieted only when a middle-aged woman entered and spoke to them; then turning to me she said in excellent English: "We are pleased to see you, miss. Your servant has explained that you are a public performer in your own land, and we were as anxious to meet you as you can possibly be to see us, for although we see many foreign women in







this country, we seldom meet with one who takes part in public entertainments."

I was conducted to an inner room and requested to lay aside my wrap and hat and join the party at dinner, and although I had struggled through the table d'hôte at the "Grand" hardly an hour before, I was delighted to accept, and we were soon seated on a large mat of rice straw, and served with boiled rice, dried fish, poultry, and several kinds of vegetables, nearly everything being eaten with a delicious, highly spiced sauce called soy. A spoon and fork were furnished for my use; the others used their cups and small bits of white wood to help themselves from the dish or bowl in which the food was served. Cakes, confectionery, preserved fruits, and finally tea, and rice brandy, called saké, were served; and then a stand with a box containing the requisites for smoking was brought in, and we were all supplied with dainty little silver-tipped pipes.

One of the girls, who had made a professional trip to Hong Kong, and who had learned English, chatted with me, while the

hostess directed the repast and conversed with me in English and the girls in Japanese, explaining things generally. Occasionally some speech would cause a great deal of laughter, in which I would join without understanding the cause. The general mirth was contagious. I was shown the rooms of the girls, who sleep on soft mattresses spread on the mat-covered floor. Their clothing is hung on a sort of curtain pole. Each girl has a lackered box with many drawers or compartments for holding toilet articles, and each is provided with a highly polished metal mirror. A paper screen is found in each apartment, but not a chair or table did I see in the house. The rooms are formed by thin movable partitions, which can be taken down at any time to make one large room. I was instructed in the art of make-up, and at the suggestion of the English-speaking girl disrobed and changed costumes with her, while the other girls assisted us, laughing and chattering all the time like caged magpies. Laughter is the natural stimulant of the

Japanese girl; she thrives on it, and indulges in it on the slightest provocation.

The girls closely examined each article of my clothing as it was explained by Mina, and put on by Komura, whose identity rapidly began to vanish under the quantity of clothing she was assuming. She was about my height, and the garments fitted her tolerably well. Her small, prettily shaped head crowned a slight but elegant figure, which might have been graceful if left to itself. Her pouting lips were radiant with agreeable smiles, and her white neck lost itself in a young, shapely bust; in repose she was a dream, but once in motion the charm of the picture was lost, as she had the awkward waddle caused by the absurd national costume, which is the most artistic and

picturesque dress in the world for a woman in repose, but in which graceful action is an impossibility.

I was soon incased in a dainty jacket, linen stockings and sandals, with an elaborately embroidered overdress (or kimono), with huge flowing sleeves, and a beautifully wrought obi or scarf tied around the waist, with a great bow at the back held in place by a strong cord of red silk. My hair was then done in Japanese fashion, and with a liberal use of the make-up box I was transformed into a fair imitation of a geisha, while Komura wore my clothing with more grace than I expected.

My entertainers danced and sang songs, and did everything to make my visit both pleasant and instructive; in return I sang for them.





The hour for my departure arrived all too soon. My friends entirely failed to recognize me in the Japanese costume, which I wore back to the hotel through the consent of the owner, and which she called for the following day.

The geisha, like the prima donna, has her troubles, being under contract for a number of years with a manager. Oh, that manager! He is in Japan, as in America, a necessary evil.

The geishas appear wherever there is an occasion for merry-making, and are very agreeable persons in their own land, but as unlike the geishas of the stage as can possibly be imagined. They have attracted much more attention, in Europe and America, since Sir Edwin Arnold's selection of one of these daughters of the stage for a wife.

A great proportion of these girls are the daughters of the samri, the soldiers or knights who were attached to the households of the great lords under the feudal system, until the present gov-

ernment left them nothing but a knowledge of fighting and a disposition to do it, without either fortune or occupation. These soldiers' daughters are proud of their ancestry, and a number of them wear on their costumes the coats-of arms of their houses.

The majority of them marry well, many with the wealthiest of merchants or most prominent officials in Japan. Their movements are given as much prominence in Japanese periodicals as are the doings of the brightest operatic and dramatic stars in this country, and the engagement of a geisha to a prominent individual is made as much of there as is the wedding of an actress to a European nobleman or an American millionaire. There is another order of geisha, called the hatta or etta girl, who is of a lower caste.

The recitations of the geishas are usually native poems, love stories and romances; while their dances represent the four seasons. One very popular figure is called "The Dance of the Moon."

A WOMAN'S HAND.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I.

ST. THOMAS-IN-THE-VALE is universally allowed by those who have seen it to be the most beautiful parish in a beautiful island. You reach it by the Bog Walk, a road whose odd name enshrines a curious negro corruption of the old Spanish title, the Boca d'Agua. The steaming gorge or "water mouth" up which you ride (in the atmosphere of an orchid house) is bordered on each hand by rocky precipices, overgrown with bamboos and huge snake-like lianas. Down its midst you hear rather than see the cool cataracts of the Rio Cobre. Caves lined with maidenhair open out among the limestone. But after a mile or two of this shady ravine, a tangle of greenery, the road emerges suddenly into a basin-shaped dale, set round with high mountains. This is St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, once the bed of an inland lake, and still lake-like in outline, but drained long since by the wearing of the gorge through the inclosing barrier.

In the center of the vale lies the negro village of Linstead, a casual collection of loose thatched huts, with a market for its nucleus. And near Linstead one evening, when the full moon shone with the pale green light peculiar to the West Indies, a group of ragged blacks, in the scanty costume of the country, held an informal meeting. They had chosen that night of set purpose, for a full moon in the islands is a public occasion. The noonday is always



Drawn by H. Pruett Shaw.

"VERY RESOLUTE, WITH HIS REVOLVER IN HIS HAND."



Drawn by H. Pruett Share.

"AT THEIR HEAD WENT GEARGE, STILL WAVING HIS ARMS FIERCELY."

too hot and dusty for the transaction of business, while on moonless nights the tangled paths of the hillside become almost impassable with creeping roots and hanging sprays of climbers, over which if you trip, you fall down the precipice into some bottomless gully. But a moonlight night is cool, and almost as clear as day, and 'tis then that the country negro assembles in force to discuss measures for the redress of grievances.

The malcontents had gathered by a tall group of bamboos, whose feathery foliage waved solemnly with ghost-like effect in the pale green atmosphere. In the midst stood Gearge, a stout and powerful negro, with a short, stubby beard. He was suspected of obeah—the local compound of witchcraft and poisoning. He was a mighty man, was Gearge, a deacon of his sect, and credited by his admirers with supernatural skill and profound knowledge; while the fact that his sole clothing consisted of an old pair of cotton pajamas cut off at the knees and surmounted by a shirt simply formed out of a flour-sack with two slits for armholes, detracted nothing from his supernatural majesty and mystery in the unsophisticated eyes of his simple followers. Your negro is no stickler for dress in his prophets. The things of the soul outweigh, in his mind, the things of the body. Nay, so careless was Gearge of such mere outer marks of earthly dignity that he allowed the words "Oneida Flour Mills" to appear distinctly across his chest in the big red letters impressed upon the sacking. For your negro is a believer in the spiritual truth of the universe, and no small matter of material uncouthness can shake his faith in his chosen hierophants. He can accept a teacher in an empty flour-sack as readily as earlier races accepted one in a camel's-hair garment.

"Fren's an' fellow-countrymen," Gearge concluded his address with emphasis, "I axin' you dat: is you gwine to stand it? For if you gwine to stand it, den your liberties is all done wit'. What far did Wilberforce set you free? I axin' you dat. You tink him set you free far de colonel to trample on you? I tellin' you no; him set you free far you to 'quit yo'selves like men. Rise, rise, an' be free! De tyrant am oppressin' you. Up, fren's, an' strike him!"

"Dat true, fer sure," one gray-headed negro answered, shaking his white locks solemnly. "De colonel am a tyrant. Gearge am de man fer de rights ob de black man. Gearge don't gwine to see you suffer, my bredderin. Down wit' de colonel!"

"What hab him done to you, Clemmy?" Gearge continued, oratorically swooping down on a particular case and taking advantage of the impression his speech had created. "Yo' tell de ladies an' gentlemen what de colonel gone done to yo'."

Clemmy was a stout, good-looking negress of forty, with very white teeth, very clear eyes, very red lips and a very smooth complexion. She wore a colored print dress, and a big red bandana set turban-wise above her curly head. Under most other circumstances Clemmy would have shrunk from addressing a public meeting, though as a class-leader among the Wesleyans she was not wholly unaccustomed to dilating upon her "experiences." But this evening, when the safety of the African race was at stake, Clemmy found her tongue marvelously. "Him turn me out ob my cottage," she cried aloud, "an' burn de roof ober my head. But him don't gwine to do it no more; bress de Lard; hallelujah!"

The other negroes caught up the last cry vociferously. "Him don't gwine to do it now; bress de Lard; hallelujah!"

A little religion goes a long way with the negro, especially when he is most bent upon instant bloodshed.

Gearge continued his harangue, singling out another case with demonstrative black forefinger. "What hab him done to you, Tammas Goban?"

Tammas Goban held up his two hands as witness. "Him turn me out ob work an' don't pay me what him owe me. Him bad man, for true! Him cheat me out ob me own. But him don't gwine to do it now no longer; hallelujah!"

Again the negroes took up the strain in excited voices. "Him don't gwine to do it now no longer; hallelujah!"

Gearge surveyed them once more with the eye of a born leader. In spite of his strange costume he was a ruler of men. He knew the very chords to touch in an emergency. With a weird, moaning cry he

spread his hands in front of him, as if to give a blessing. "De word ob de Lard come to me," he said slowly, in an inspired tone, "as I sleepin' in my cottage. De vision ob de head on me bed as de Lard send it: 'Arise,' saith de Lard, 'and let my enemies be scattered. Who is dis dat stand up against my people?' saith de Lard. 'Thou shalt take dis colonel and all him folk dat oppress my people. Thou shalt destroy dem—man, woman and child—as de children of Israel destroy de Midianites. Arise, slay, let none escape,' saith de Lard. 'Bressed be de man dat dasheth de brains ob de little ones out against a stone. Arise, slay, wit' my servant Gerge, slay dem utterly; let no one escape among dem!'"

He waved his hand over the crowd with a wild, African gesture. A deep thrill ran through the meeting. Religious enthusiasm is much the same among negroes everywhere, whatever be their creed; and it is everywhere closely allied with the emotions of battle. To the little group of insurgents at Linstead, Gerge was indeed a prophet; he swayed them as the Mahdi swayed their countrymen in the Soudan. That one set of men are nominally Christians while the other are nominally followers of Islam, is a mere external circumstance; what is essential is the profound emotion of the negro character. As Gerge waved his hands above them, the whole assembly took fire. The men groaned; the women keened; some gasped for breath, some staggered. "Bress de Lard!" went forth the cry. "Him deliver us from de oppressor! Him gib us him aid! Him send him serbant Gerge to lead us!"

Gerge seized his cutlass, which to the West Indian negro is at once hoe, rake and weapon of aggression. "Follow me!" he cried. "De crisis which were expected to hab arrive hab arriven. De Lard hab heard de cry ob His people. Burn, burn, slay, burn! Set fire to de trash-houses! Set fire to de canes! Burn all dat is de colonel's! Slay all dat you meet! De Lard hab delibered him into our hand dis evening."

His eyes rolled wildly with the true dervish roll. His followers caught up the cry, carried away by his enthusiasm. And, indeed, they had been ill treated

enough by the redoubtable colonel, who was a hard landlord and a hard taskmaster, dealing out the letter of the law in all its rigor to those simple black folk, better accustomed to an antique patriarchal régime than to the modern system of nothing for nothing. "Slay, burn!" they cried aloud. "De Lard wills it. Arise, slay, burn; kill de buckra—men, women and children."

They set themselves in motion with wild, manad-like shouts. It was a weird procession. At their head went Gerge, still waving his arms fiercely; close beside him Clemmy foamed at the mouth and shrieked with her strident voice, while the other women rolled their white eyes and sang wild hymns tumultuously. "Burn de trash-houses first," Gerge cried. "Dem is de symbol ob your servitude." With a fierce onslaught of destructive energy, the little mob flung itself upon the trash-houses where the refuse of the canes—the empty stems—lay stored for burning.

On their way they met Isaac Carvalho, a good-humored young negro, who as yet had taken no part in the murmurs of discontent. But seeing him cross its path, with his cutlass in his hands, the revolution annexed him. "You coming wit' us, Isaac? It is de Lard's work. We gwine to kill all de buckra in de island. Selah, glory! Burn, burn de trash-houses, saith de Lard; slay, kill de buckra!"

Isaac gazed at them for a second, irresolute. He did not love the colonel, who had given him three months' imprisonment for no greater crime than just helping himself to the yams that grew temptingly before all eyes in the garden of the great house. But he was an easy-going fellow. "What for you want to kill dem?" he asked. "Him don't be worse to us now dan him always been."

But the eddy seized him and carried him away in its vortex. Clemmy snatched him by the arm, pretty Rose Watson caught him frantically by the shoulder. "It de Lard's will," they cried, mouthing. "De Lard raise up him serbant Gerge to deliber us. Cry aloud, 'Slay, burn!' Be on de Lard's side, Isaac!"

And so strong is the impulse of imitation in a great crowd of enthusiasts that, before he knew where he was, Isaac was hurried

into their midst, and found himself rushing along among the fierce group of malcontents, shouting aloud with all his lungs, "Slay, burn, destroy! Kill out de buckra!"

II.

The dinner at Colonel Flowerdew's was a social success. Irene Clemminshaw had never enjoyed herself better. She was new to the West Indies—the daughter of an officer just arrived in the island—and the whole glamour of the scene was still fresh upon her. The open windows that gave upon the creeper-covered veranda, the green light of the moon that shone through the big blossoms of the crimson bignonia, the cool air that blew in from the scented garden, the fireflies that flitted among the white hibiscus bushes without—all, all were so strange and fresh and beautiful. Then the profusion of tropical flowers on the table itself; the noiseless brown waiters, in their spotless white linen jackets, moving cat-like up and down; the huge heaps of oranges, pines and star-apples; the negro women in the background handing in the dishes and showing their white teeth as they passed them to the brown men-servants—it was like some magic scene of the "Arabian Nights" to Irene's imagination. In her cool white muslin, with the sea-breeze streaming in upon her and the moonlight flooding the careless garden beyond, she wondered why she had not always lived in the West Indies.

"Try some of our pepper-pot, Miss Clemminshaw," Colonel Flowerdew said, pressing it upon her. "Pepper-pot, you know, is a *spécialité* here. We make it once, then go on adding to it always, without ever finishing it. My father told me that Monk Lewis praised this pepper-pot highly when he was here in 1820."

Irene helped herself to some, and found it not unpalatable. The historical dish was still as good as ever. "But it tastes quite fresh," she answered, rolling it on her palate.

"No, no," the colonel corrected gravely, twirling his white mustache. "That depends. It tastes modern, with occasional antique reminiscences. The beauty of pepper-pot is, you never quite know what you're going to fish up out of

it. You may happen on a piece that was put in yesterday; and you may happen on a piece that can remember Waterloo and was old before Trafalgar."

"It is certainly delicious," Irene interposed.

"Yes," the colonel replied. "It's about the only thing these confounded niggers can do that's worth doing."

Irene glanced with a little sense of discomfort at the handsome young brown man in the white linen jacket who was carrying the dish; she thought it was unkind of the colonel to speak of his race before him with such sweeping condemnation. But the brown man smiled imperturbably, and went on handing the pepper-pot. He was accustomed to such language. The colonel noted her look, however, and burst out laughing. "My dear child," he cried, "you needn't trouble your head about these niggers' feelings, because—they haven't got any. They prefer being kicked; it suits them. They're just like a dog, don't you know. The harder you hit him the better he loves you. Give him a sound good hiding and he crawls to your feet and fawns upon you. Well, your nigger's just like that. He's all the better for an occasional licking."

Irene was too polite to differ from her host, especially as she had only that week arrived from England; but she glanced again at the handsome young brown man. She felt sure he could not like to hear his mother's people so spoken of. Though she could not help admitting to herself that he seemed to take the remarks very quietly.

"We have a proverb here," the colonel continued, sipping hock like a connoisseur, "'God made the food, but the devil made the cooks'; and for my own part I improve upon it, 'The devil made the servants.' Here, Thomas, I say, the hock to Miss Clemminshaw!"

Irene hardly knew what to answer, but the colonel went on unperturbed. "They have one virtue, though: they serve you faithfully in great emergencies. They'll thieve, and they'll play you tricks, and they'll laugh in their sleeves at you as long as things go all right; but when trouble's about, by George, they'll stick to you as a dog sticks to his master. They'll fight for you, and they'll die for you."

"That's the nature of the lower races," a clergyman opposite her broke in. "A negro mammy will take more care of your babies than she would take of her own."

"Yes," the colonel assented; "just as a dog is capable of deep attachment to his master's children, but utterly careless what becomes of his puppies."

Irene felt greatly embarrassed by this curious disregard of the black servants' feelings, and to turn the conversation she went on: "But they *are* so sweet, the dear little black babies! Such funny little bright-eyed things. I'm quite in love with them. We saw several of them tumbling about in the dust as we came up the Bog Walk. And what a lovely drive it is! I don't think I ever saw anything so beautiful as the bamboos and the tree ferns."

"Yes, it's a pretty drive," the colonel answered, caressing the white mustache once more; "but they keep it badly. You can't get these confounded niggers to keep anything as it ought to be kept. And as for the babies, well, they're fat enough, anyhow. I've seen half a dozen of them, black babies and black pigs, rolling in the dust outside a hut together, so that you couldn't tell which was which—black pig or black baby."

"They say your people here are discontented, Colonel," a young officer from Kingston put in, looking up the table toward their host. "Do you think there's anything in it?"

The colonel laughed. "Discontented?" he cried. "Oh, well, they're always grumbling, of course, if that's what you mean; but discontented, not seriously. What have they got to be discontented about, I'd like to know? They have everything they want: plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and nothing to do but lie under the mango-trees and wait till the mangoes drop into their mouths; so what can they find to grumble about? And they don't grumble, really, except just for the pleasure of it. It amuses them, grumbling. A more contented, good-natured, lazy, idle, happy-go-lucky set of blackguards than the negroes of this district I wouldn't wish to meet anywhere. Discontented? Not a bit of it; they wouldn't hurt a fly—God bless my soul, Walker, what's that blaze over yonder?"

Even as he spoke a sudden flare of red lighted up the background. The colonel rose from his seat at the head of the table. Thomas, the handsome brown boy in the clean white linen jacket, rushed over to the veranda. "Run, sah, run!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "Save yourself! We will look after de house and de property. Oh, my king, dem risin'. It Gerge Macleod and his set! Dem burnin' de trash-houses."

And from the side whence the glare came rose a loud, discordant shout of triumph: "Arise, slay, burn! It de will ob de Lard! Kill, kill de colonel! Kill, kill de buckra!"

III.

Colonel Flowerdew at least had that saving grace of his kind, great physical courage. His cheek never blanched; his voice never faltered. He turned to his daughter. "Gwen," he said calmly, as he might have spoken on parade, "this is a bad business. Slink away by the back, dear, and try to get out on the north road before they reach us. I will stop here and fight the ruffians with the men and the servants." Then he turned to Irene. "My child," he said softly, "you must understand that this means real danger. The negroes have risen. If they catch you they will kill you—or worse than kill you. Hide in the river and drown yourself rather than fall into their hands." As he spoke he was drawing out and preparing his revolver. "If they take you alive, I dare not say what may happen to you."

Irene shrank away into the back of the room in a wild access of terror. What happened next, she hardly knew. But she was dimly aware of smoke and flame drawing nearer and nearer. The red glare grew redder. She saw the colonel standing by the veranda, very resolute, with his revolver in his hand; she saw Thomas by his side with a cutlass, rapidly snatched up, and ready to defend with his life the master whose words she thought must so deeply have hurt him; she saw the other servants rushing forward, men and women alike, with knives, or whatever other weapon came handy; and beyond them all she saw advancing that wild band of insurgents, in coarse plantation clothes, with



Drawn by H. Pruett Shaw.

"SHE DREW HIM DOWN TO HER GENTLY."

"That's the nature of the lower races," a clergyman opposite her broke in. "A negro mammy will take more care of your babies than she would take of her own."

"Yes," the colonel assented; "just as a dog is capable of deep attachment to his master's children, but utterly careless what becomes of his puppies."

Irene felt greatly embarrassed by this curious disregard of the black servants' feelings, and to turn the conversation she went on: "But they are so sweet, the dear little black babies! Such funny little bright-eyed things. I'm quite in love with them. We saw several of them tumbling about in the dust as we came up the Bog Walk. And what a lovely drive it is! I don't think I ever saw anything so beautiful as the bamboos and the tree ferns."

"Yes, it's a pretty drive," the colonel answered, caressing the white mustache once more; "but they keep it badly. You can't get these confounded niggers to keep anything as it ought to be kept. And as for the babies, well, they're fat enough, anyhow. I've seen half a dozen of them, black babies and black pigs, rolling in the dust outside a hut together, so that you couldn't tell which was which—black pig or black baby."

"They say your people here are discontented, Colonel," a young officer from Kingston put in, looking up the table toward their host. "Do you think there's anything in it?"

The colonel laughed. "Discontented?" he cried. "Oh, well, they're always grumbling, of course, if that's what you mean; but discontented, not seriously. What have they got to be discontented about, I'd like to know? They have everything they want: plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and nothing to do but lie under the mango-trees and wait till the mangoes drop into their mouths; so what can they find to grumble about? And they don't grumble, really, except just for the pleasure of it. It amuses them, grumbling. A more contented, good-natured, lazy, idle, happy-go-lucky set of blackguards than the negroes of this district I wouldn't wish to meet anywhere. Discontented? Not a bit of it; they wouldn't hurt a fly—God bless my soul, Walker, what's that blaze over yonder?"

Even as he spoke a sudden flare of red lighted up the background. The colonel rose from his seat at the head of the table. Thomas, the handsome brown boy in the clean white linen jacket, rushed over to the veranda. "Run, sah, run!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "Save yourself! We will look after de house and de property. Oh, my king, dem risin'! It George Macleod and his set! Dem burnin' de trash-houses."

And from the side whence the glare came rose a loud, discordant shout of triumph: "Arise, slay, burn! It de will ob de Lord! Kill, kill de colonel! Kill, kill de buckra!"

III.

Colonel Flowerdew at least had that saving grace of his kind, great physical courage. His cheek never blanched; his voice never faltered. He turned to his daughter. "Gwen," he said calmly, as he might have spoken on parade, "this is a bad business. Slink away by the back, dear, and try to get out on the north road before they reach us. I will stop here and fight the ruffians with the men and the servants." Then he turned to Irene. "My child," he said softly, "you must understand that this means real danger. The negroes have risen. If they catch you they will kill you—or worse than kill you. Hide in the river and drown yourself rather than fall into their hands." As he spoke he was drawing out and preparing his revolver. "If they take you alive, I dare not say what may happen to you."

Irene shrank away into the back of the room in a wild access of terror. What happened next, she hardly knew. But she was dimly aware of smoke and flame drawing nearer and nearer. The red glare grew redder. She saw the colonel standing by the veranda, very resolute, with his revolver in his hand; she saw Thomas by his side with a cutlass, rapidly snatched up, and ready to defend with his life the master whose words she thought must so deeply have hurt him; she saw the other servants rushing forward, men and women alike, with knives, or whatever other weapon came handy; and beyond them all she saw advancing that wild band of insurgents, in coarse plantation clothes, with

property. But revolt was in the ascendant. More negroes had joined the little band of insurgents roused by the flare of the burning roof and maddened by the sight of blood. It was clear that all was lost, for the moment at least. They could but lurk and wait for reinforcements from the loyal troops and people in Kingston.

"Where is de missy?" George cried, glancing round him for Gwen Flowerdew and counting his slain. "She is worse dan dem all. She too proud, dat gal Gwen. De word ob de Lard come to me, 'Slay de white Jezebel dat appresseth my Israel.' She go out de udder way. I see her slink away dere. Fren's, bredderin, join hands; scour de fields and plains till you come upon her an' slay her, de Lard's enemy, de woman ob de painted face, de Jezebel ob St. Tammaz."

All the women had fled at once, leaving the handful of men to fight their battles. Now the house was fired, the insurgents rushed out with fierce shrieks into the garden and the jungle beyond, which led down to the river. Obeying George's orders, they joined hands in a long row, and began netting the space, as it were, in search of the fugitives. But they were not quite numerous enough to form an uninterrupted line; and at one of the gaps by the end Isaac Carvalho found himself some six yards off from his nearest neighbor.

In a great straggling string they closed slowly in, sweeping the fugitives before them toward the banks of the Rio Cobre. Isaac strode on through the deep haulms of guinea-grass, up to his neck in lush meadow, searching eagerly as he went for "de Lard's enemies." If he found one, he would draw his cutlass like a man and cut her throat. "Dem sneakin', cowardly, proud, good-fer-nuffin' white women;" for his part, he was determined—

He started aside even as he thought it, for close beside him, as quiet as a mouse, something stirred in the guinea-grass. Isaac's first thought was, an iguana; then he knew it was a white woman.

Gazing down in the twilight, aided by the red glare from the burning house, he saw, crouching in the grass, a delicate young girl, in a dainty white muslin dress, who gazed up at him appealingly. Her eyes seemed to plead; her breath was held

hard; she put one finger to her lips to bespeak his silence. Then, with a sudden, silent movement, her hand slid into his own, and she drew him down to her gently.

At the unexpected touch of that confiding hand, Isaac Carvalho was another man. Without moving from the spot or betraying the slightest emotion to his fellow-hunters, he bent his head slightly, held one hand to his heart to still its beating, put his own finger to his lips in return, and whispered, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible: "All right, missy; don't you move or stir. Dis nigger understand; gwine to take care ob you."

The touch of that hand had thrilled through and through him.

Irene looked up into his honest eyes and saw he meant it. In hot blood he would have killed a dozen white women and thought no more of it than you or I would think of so many mosquitoes. But the girl's confiding hand had taken his negro heart by storm, and he had no idea now save to protect and preserve her.

The line moved on. Isaac, with a hurried glance to right and left, dragged behind a little, dropped gradually out, and then crept back to her slowly. He crept on all fours through the tall guinea-grass, which covered him in above, till he was close by Irene's side.

"Keep low, missy," he whispered. "Don't you show your head! If dem niggers see it, dem will hack you into bits same as dem hack de colonel. Creep along here by my side. No, no; it don't no good to creep down towards de ribber, 'cause dem gwine to search it; and it don't no good to creep back to de house, 'cause too many ob dem guardin' it. But you jest creep along sideways dis way towards my hut, an' if once we can get you in dere nobody ain't gwine to hurt you."

Irene's heart was in her mouth; but, in a flutter of terror, she took the man's hand, and crept on where he led her. The sharp edges of the guinea-grass cut her hands and knees till they bled; but she did not dare to stop short. The hue and cry of the insurgents was too close beside them; the shouts of "Kill! Kill!" rang in her ear each second. They crawled on, sidewise, noiselessly, invisibly, through the deep, high grass, Isaac leading the way

and putting aside the undergrowth in the stealthy negro manner with his bare arms; Irene following on and setting her hands and knees in his tracks quite blindly.

Creeping in silence for many hundred yards, they reached at last the edge of the grass-piece and, pushing through a gap in the cactus hedge, came to a close jungle of prickly bushes which to Irene looked impenetrable. Isaac surveyed it dubiously.

"We got to git tro' dere," he said, at last, holding his head on one side. "It don't no udder way about it. If I take you round by de open, missy, dem gwine to find us an' kill us bote. Dem will say I harborin' de Lard's enemies."

"I can never push through that," Irene cried, shrinking away from it.

"I know it, honey," the black man answered, looking round at her with consideration in her eyes. "You don't strong enough to push tro', and de tharns gwine to tear your flesh. But I tink I can manage him." He turned to her suddenly. Then he seized her all at once in his arms without a word, and, with a strange, monkey-like action, began to run backward through the jungle, looking behind him as he ran, crushing the bushes with his back, but protecting her as far as possible from the thorns and spines with his own body.

He must have run several hundred yards, still stealthily and noiselessly, when he reached the open. In front stood a small thatched hut. Isaac motioned her to be silent again, and carried her into it like a baby.

He laid her gently on the bare mud floor of the hut and struck a sulphur match, with which he lighted a cheap petroleum lamp, such as one always finds in negro cottages. Irene could see that his arms and back were torn and bleeding.

"You have hurt yourself," she cried, drawing away.

Isaac looked down carelessly at the bleeding wounds. "Oh, dat ain't nuffin'," he answered in a cheery voice, though he was very much torn. "You done hurt yousself, missy?"

"Not—not very much," Irene whispered back, trembling. The whole position began to come home to her with a thrill of horror. She was alone and helpless in that black man's dwelling.

Isaac seated her gently on the ground, and then from the recesses of the hut produced a calabash full of fresh cold water. With it he proceeded very reverently to wash the deep scratches on her neck, face and hands, drying them afterward on a tolerably clean square of red cotton handkerchief. The situation was curious. Under any other circumstances Irene would have found the stifling heat and close air of the negro hut intolerable; she would have shrunk from the calabash and the red cotton handkerchief. Under the conditions in which she found herself, however, she was glad enough of the shelter into which she had crawled; glad of the cool water and the momentary respite from that breathless adventure. But her heart still beat fiercely, and her limbs trembled. For she was by no means sure even now of Isaac.

As for Isaac himself, half an hour before, in his alternative mood, he would have sprung upon Irene with the spring of a beast of prey, and cut her small white throat without one second's compunction. But that appealing hand had made all the difference. When Irene slid her delicate fingers into his, with the air of a suppliant, Isaac felt his whole nature turn back upon itself in a sudden revulsion; the innate chivalry which is dormant in every savage came out at once, and he had no thought now but how to save this dainty, shrinking white woman. He recognized her as a being of a higher type, and he became at once her devoted slave, ready to die in her service, as the colonel had truly said, with dog-like fidelity.

What could he do to show it? He brought the pillow from his bed and laid it on the ground for Irene to sit upon. The poor girl sat on it, dazed. He leaned down and tried to console or to reassure her. Half an hour before, it had been "de Lard's will" to massacre the whites, but now he declared, with many asseverations: "Dem is only a set ob foolish, drunk niggers. De soldiers from Kingston gwine to come down to-morrow, to shoot dem all; and den we gwine to take you back straight to your people."

Irene shuddered. "My father is a soldier," she said simply, "in command at Kingston." It was terrible to think of

passing that night alone with this strange negro in that close, dark hut, but there was nothing else possible. As yet she hardly realized how much danger still lay in store for her. Isaac recognized it more fully, for he knew his own people. "Looky here, missy," he said, leaning down to her, with his white teeth showing. "It don't all ober yet. Before long, dem niggers gwine to come here to ax for me. If dem find you here, dem gone kill you dead. We muss hide you somehow. But it don't no good hidin' you outside de hut; dem search de open; you muss hide in here, honey. When dem come, you do like I tell you, and don't ax no question. Meself will take care ob you. If dem gwine to kill you, missy, dem gwine to kill you tro' dis nigger's body."

The girl grasped his hand in silent gratitude.

She sat there cowering for an hour in silence. All the time she

could hear her own heart beat, and feel her bosom fluttering. At the end of an hour or so, Isaac raised one warning finger and held his ear attentively. "Dem comin', missy," he murmured, his quick ear detecting the noise even sooner than Irene's. "Dem comin', I tell you. Make haste, an' hide here!"

As he spoke, a distant cry fell on Irene's

ear. "De serbant ob de Lard hab slain de tyrant. Hallelujah! Arise, kill all; let not one libbin' soul be left among dem!"

The cry drew nearer. It rose and fell hideously. Isaac meanwhile opened the mouth of the sack which Irene had seen him preparing before, and whispered to her low, "Creep into it!" Dazzled and mazed, Irene crept in, hardly aware what she was doing. Then her black friend laid

a few cut ends of yam at the mouth, to look as if it were full, and rolled the sack and its contents with seeming carelessness near the door of the hut, yet very gently.

He had hardly done so when Clemmy and Gearge, with their followers, burst in—a wild mob of murderers. They had lights in their hands, and were shrieking discordantly, for the colonel's rum had added by this time to the fierce manad enthusiasm. "Dat traitor, where am he?" they cried aloud. "Him dat

run away from

us? What for him run away? Him shelter de Lard's enemies! Search him house! Find dem out! Kill, slay dem!"

"I don't no traitor," Isaac said, standing out by the door of the hut, and giving the sack of yams (with Irene inside) a slight backward kick with his powerful bare foot, so that a few yams rolled out in the most innocent manner. Irene, holding



Drawn by
H. Pratt Shore.

"THEY SET OUT ALONG THE WINDING MOUNTAIN PATHS."

her breath within, felt that he did it with extraordinary strength, yet perfect gentleness. "I don't harbor no enemy. I is de fren' ob de Lard; I lub de Lard's people." And at the moment of speaking, he meant it seriously, for Irene was now to him the blessed fugitive.

"Search de house," Gearge cried, pushing him aside, and half inclined to hack him down. The women began to search it. Isaac stood aside haughtily, and then seated himself with great deliberation on the sack. Irene's breath came and went in short gasps; but she lay still as a mouse. The women searched everywhere, except in the sack, which, with its protruding yams, looked too innocent for concealment. It was so much the most salient object in the hut, indeed, that they never thought of examining it. Isaac sat and stared at them with stolid unconcern. At the end of their inquisition Gearge drew off frowning. "Stop here, Clemmy and Rose," he said hoarsely. "Stop an' see dat him don't get into no mischief wit' de buckra."

The women stopped on. Irene in her sack lay trembling and breathless.

V.

At any other time it would have been comedy to her to hear, during the next hour or so, the curious, clever steps by which Isaac cajoled and courted and flattered those two angry black women. At first fierce and indignant, they melted as he talked to them, praised them, paid them extravagant compliments, made open negro love to them; melted by degrees till at last they sat chatting quite amicably with the disaffected neighbor they had been set to keep watch upon. All the country-side was up, they said. It was war in the island. The fire in the trash-house had been the signal for a dozen others; the people were roused, and St. Thomas-in-the-Vale was getting rid of the buckra. Everywhere blazing houses, everywhere cries of vengeance. "De Lard am clearin' de island ob de vermin," they told him gleefully. "By to-morrow marnin' it don't will be left a buckra in St. Thomas."

Isaac, well pleased at their garrulity, brought out more rum. The women drank it, laughed, and toasted him, making love

after their rude fashion. Every now and again, Isaac, seated gingerly on the yammy end of the sack, gave Irene's arm a light touch of soothing reassurance. She knew what the touches meant. "It won't be long now. We shall soon get rid of them." At last, one after another, the women dozed off as they sat. She could hear their breathing grow deeper and deeper.

Then Isaac rose cautiously. With every mark of silence, and with the stealthy tread of the barefooted, he lifted the sack in his arms, and carried Irene from the hut. He carried her for a hundred yards or more down the mountain footpath before he dared to lay her down. By and by he opened the sack and let it drop about her. Half fainting as she was, the freer breath revived her. The tropical air felt cool and fresh as England after the stifling atmosphere of the sack and the hut. The stars glittered overhead; the wild glare of burning trash-houses lighted all the horizon.

Isaac brought her water from the brook in his joined hands. She drank it eagerly. Only in great straits do we learn how little these things matter. He patted her on the back to soothe her fears; she took the pat as it was meant, as a symbol of friendly interest. Then he held her hand gently and led her in the half-dawn down the mountain path for a quarter of a mile before he dared halt or speak to her. They walked side by side in tremulous silence. "Now, missy," he said at last, "dis is not a rising; dis is a rebellion. It gwine to last a week. All de valley am in de hands ob dem blackguard blacks. Dem holdin' de road. We muss climb de mountains and get down upon Kingston. But it don't no use for you to go ober de mountain in dat dress. I got to make you into brown gal." He picked some nuts from a tree—large nuts, with a smooth green husk, and scraped them with his nail. "It will burn," he said simply, "but you has got to stand it." Then he rubbed the rind with rapid ruthlessness over her face, neck and hands, yet with such respectful tenderness that Irene felt instinctively she was dealing with a gentleman. It did burn, as he said; burnt painfully, like red pepper. But it browned her skin at once to a delicate mulatto color.

"Eh, missy, dat don't all," Isaac went on, approaching her still more deferentially and with a sort of mute apology. "I got to arrange your dress." And without more ado, taking the light muslin in his hands he tore and stained it in places, tied a bit of dirty sacking round the waist for a sash, and twisted a turban deftly out of the red cotton handkerchief. When he had finished the costume he stood and gazed at it, well pleased. Irene could not see herself, but she was vaguely aware that he had transformed her at once, by a few clever touches, into a ragged brown woman. Even one sleeve he tore so as to show a patch of the bare arm below, and then bronzed the skin with the nut as far as visible. "Nobody will take you for buckra now," he said, chuckling. "You is my sister—a brown gal!"

They set out once more along the winding mountain paths. Irene's instinct was to make for the trackless jungle; but Isaac understood his country and his countrymen better. He explained in his own dialect that if they were to reach Kingston at all they must do it by sedulously avoiding suspicion, and by following the lesser beaten tracks among the mountains, with a bold front, as if they were merely going from hut to hut in the neighborhood. It was a terrible task. For three days they walked on and on. Irene almost dropped with the heat and fatigue. For three nights they slept out in the open; or rather, Irene slept, her head pillowed on fern, while Isaac, with true negro persistence and faithfulness, sat by her side and watched over her. Once or twice, when he found himself nodding, he bit his tongue till it bled to keep himself awake. They drank water from the streams; for food they helped themselves in the dusk to the bananas and plantains in the negro gardens. It was stealing, of course—the same crime for which the colonel had punished him—but there was no help for it. Now and then as they passed some suspicious negro on the paths, he would ask in doubt, "You is on de Lard's side?" (for all the parish was now in arms), and Isaac would answer fervently, "We is on de Lard's side; glory, glory, hallelujah!"

On the third morning they descended all at once on the high road above Spanish

Town. Soldiers were marching up the valley road. To Irene's unspeakable delight, she recognized the uniform of her father's regiment. Waving a white handkerchief, they hurried down till they reached the line. Colonel Cleminshaw himself came forward to meet them, for he took them for friendly negro fugitives who might give news of the insurgents. As they drew near, his set white face grew strangely changed. "Eenie," he cried. "It's Eenie!"

Irene fell into his arms in a transport of relief from long-pent emotion.

VI.

In camp that evening, when Irene was naturally the heroine of the moment, Isaac, too, came in for his fair share of attention.

But when Colonel Cleminshaw suggested that the man who had saved his daughter's life should stop with them and enter his service, Isaac shook his head sadly. "No, no, sah," he said, in his inarticulate way, "I don't want nuffin' now. I gwine back to my village."

"You have a wife and children, perhaps?" the colonel suggested. "If so, you may be sure we should be only too happy——"

Isaac shook his head again. "No, it don't dat either, sah," he said, bracing himself up for a great effort of speech. "But—I done wit' de missy. It break my heart to leave her; yet I don't can stop near her. Sah, you is not a black man, and you don't can understand a black man's feelin's. But for tree day an' tree night I lib close to dat lady. I watch ober him; I take care ob him; I gib my life up for him. She is like my sister dem tree day an' night; she say to me soft all times, 'Isaac,' like dat—same as one speak to one's lubber. You tink I can stay now and lib near dat lady, an' wait upon her an' serbe her, same as if it was any udder white lady? No, sah, I don't can do it. Dat all ober now. I go back to my own people. Take away dat gold, sah; put up dat purse. I don't want none ob it! De lady gib me her white hand in de guinea-grass dat night, and for lub ob her white hand I bring him back here safe to you. Now dat all gone and passed. I gwine back to my people."

THE WOOF OF THIN RED THREADS.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

I.

TWENTY-FIVE men were making a road out of a path up the hillside. The light batteries in the rear were impatient to advance, but first must be done all that digging and smoothing which gains no incrusted medals from war. The men worked like gardeners, and a road was growing from the old pack-animal trail. Trees arched from a field of guinea-grass, which resembled young wild corn. The day was still and dry. The men working were dressed in the consistent blue of United States regulars. They looked indifferent, almost stolid, despite the heat and the labor. There was little talking. From time to time, a government pack-train, led by a sleek-sided, tender bellmare, came from one way or the other, and the men stood aside as the strong, hard, black-and-tan animals crowded eagerly after their curious little feminine leader.

A volunteer staff officer appeared, and, sitting on his horse in the middle of the work, asked the sergeant in command some questions which were apparently not relevant to any military business.

Men straggling along on various duties almost invariably spun some kind of a joke as they passed.

A corporal and four men were guarding boxes of spare ammunition at the top of the hill, and one of the number often went to the foot of the hill, swinging canteens.

The day wore down to the Cuban dusk in which the shadows are all grim and of ghastly shape. The men began to lift their eyes from the shovels and picks, and glance in the direction of their camp. The sun threw his last lance through the foliage. The steep mountain range on the right turned blue, and as without detail as a curtain. The tiny ruby of light ahead meant that the ammunition guard were cooking their supper. From somewhere in the world came a single rifle-shot. Figures appeared, dim in the shadow of the trees. A murmur, a sigh of quiet relief, arose from the working party. Later, they swung up the hill in an un-

formed formation, being always like soldiers, and unable even to carry a spade save like United States regular soldiers. As they passed through some fields, the bland white light of the end of the day feebly touched each hard bronze profile.

"Wonder if we'll git anythin' to eat?" said Watkins, in a low voice.

"Should think so," said Nolan, in the same tone. They betrayed no impatience; they seemed to feel a kind of awe of the situation.

The sergeant turned. One could see the cool gray eye flashing under the brim of the campaign hat. "What in hell you fellers kickin' about?" he asked. They made no reply, understanding that they were being suppressed.

As they moved on, a murmur arose from the tall grass on each hand. It was the noise from the bivouac of ten thousand men, although one saw practically nothing from the low-cut roadway. The sergeant led his party up a wet clay bank and into a trampled field. Here were scattered tiny white shelter-tents, and in the darkness they were luminous like the rearing stones in a graveyard. A few fires burned blood-red, and the shadowy figures of men moved with no more expression of detail than there is in the swaying of the foliage on a windy night.

The working party felt their way to where their tents were pitched. A man suddenly cursed; he had mislaid something and he knew he was not going to find it that night. Watkins spoke again, with the monotony of a clock.

"Wonder if we'll git anythin' to eat."

Martin, with eyes turned pensively to the stars, began a treatise.

"Them Spaniards——"

"Oh, quit it!" cried Nolan. "What the piper do you know about th' Spaniards, you fat-headed Dutchman? Better think of your belly, you blunderin' swine, an' what you're goin' to put in it, grass or dirt."

A laugh, a sort of a deep growl, arose from the prostrate men. In the mean time the sergeant had reappeared, and was standing over them. "No rations to-

night," he said, gruffly, and turning on his heel walked away.

This announcement was received in silence. But Watkins had flung himself face downward, and putting his lips close to a tuft of grass, he formulated oaths. Martin arose, and going to his shelter, crawled in sulkily. After a long interval Nolan said aloud, "Hell!" Grierson, enlisted for the war, raised a querulous voice. "Well, I wonder when we *will* git fed?"

From the ground about him came a low chuckle full of ironical comment upon Grierson's lack of certain qualities which the other men felt themselves to possess.

II.

In the cold light of dawn, the men were on their knees, packing, strapping and buckling. The comic toy hamlet of shelter-tents had been wiped out as if by a cyclone. Through the trees could be seen the crimson of a light battery's blankets, and the wheels creaked like the sound of a musketry fight. Nolan, well gripped by his shelter-tent, his blanket and his cartridge belt, and bearing his rifle, advanced upon a small group of men who were hastily finishing a can of coffee.

"Say, give us a drink, will yeh?" he asked wistfully. He was as sad-eyed as an orphan beggar.

Every man in the group turned to look him straight in the face. He had asked for the principal ruby out of each one's crown. There was grim silence. Then one said, "What fer?" Nolan cast his glance to the ground and went away abashed.

But he espied Watkins and Martin surrounding Grierson, who had gained three pieces of hard-tack by mere force of his audacious inexperience. Grierson was fending his comrades off tearfully. "Now don't be damn pigs," he cried: "hold on a minute." Here Nolan asserted a claim. Grierson groaned. Kneeling piously, he divided the hard-tack with minute care into four portions. The men, who had had their heads together like players watching a wheel of fortune, arose suddenly, each chewing. Nolan interpolated a drink of water and sighed contentedly.

The whole forest seemed to be moving.

From the field on the other side of the road a column of men in blue was slowly pouring; the battery had creaked on ahead; from the rear came a hum of advancing regiments. Then from a mile away rang the noise of a shot, then another shot; in a moment the rifles there were drumming, drumming, drumming. The artillery boomed out suddenly. A day of battle was begun.

The men made no exclamations. They rolled their eyes in the direction of the sound, and then swept with a calm glance the forests and the hills which surrounded them, implacably mysterious forests and hills which lent to every rifle-shot the ominous quality which belongs to secret assassination. The whole scene would have spoken to the private soldiers of ambushes, sudden flank attacks, terrible disasters if it were not for those cool gentlemen with shoulder-straps and swords, who, the private soldiers knew, were of another world and omnipotent for the business.

The battalion moved out into the mud and began a leisurely march in the damp shade of the trees. The advance of two batteries had churned the black soil into a formidable paste. The brown leggings of the men, stained with the mud of other days, took on a deeper color. Perspiration broke gently out on the reddish faces. With his heavy roll of blanket and the half of a shelter-tent crossing his right shoulder and under his left arm, each man presented the appearance of being clasped from behind, wrestler fashion, by a pair of thick white arms. There was something distinctive in the way they carried their rifles. There was the grace of an old hunter somewhere in it, the grace of a man whose rifle has become absolutely a part of himself. Furthermore, almost every blue shirt-sleeve was rolled to the elbow, disclosing forearms of almost incredible brawn. The rifles seemed light, almost fragile, in the hands that were at the end of these arms, never fat, but always with rolling muscles, and veins that seemed on the point of bursting. And another thing was the silence and the marvelous impassivity of the faces as the column made its slow way toward where the whole forest spluttered and fluttered with battle.

Opportunely, the battalion was halted

astraddle of a stream, and before it again moved most of the men had filled their canteens. The firing increased. Ahead and to the left, a battery was booming at methodical intervals, while the infantry racket was that continual drumming which, after all, often sounds like rain on a roof. Directly ahead, one could hear the deep voices of field-pieces.

Some wounded Cubans were carried by in litters improvised from hammocks swung on poles. One had a ghastly cut in the throat, probably from a fragment of shell, and his head was turned as if Providence particularly wished to display this wide and lapping gash to the long column that was winding toward the front. And another Cuban, shot through the groin, kept up a continual wail as he swung from the tread of his bearers. "Ay—ee! Ay—ee! Madre mia! Madre mia!" He sang this bitter ballad into the ears of at least three thousand men as they slowly made way for his bearers on the narrow wood-path. These wounded insurgents were, then, to a large part of the advancing army, the visible messengers of bloodshed, death, and the men regarded them with thoughtful awe. This doleful sobbing cry, "Madre mia," was a tangible consequent misery of all that firing on in front, into which the men knew they were soon to be plunged. Some of them wished to inquire of the bearers the details of what had happened, but they could not speak Spanish, and so it was as if fate had intentionally sealed the lips of all in order that even meager information might not leak out concerning this mystery—battle. On the other hand, many unversed private soldiers looked upon the unfortunate as men who had seen thousands maimed and bleeding, and absolutely could not conjure up any further interest in such scenes.

A young staff officer passed on horseback. The vocal Cuban was always wailing, but the officer wheeled past the bearers without heeding anything. And yet he never before had seen such a sight. His case was different from that of the private soldiers. He heeded nothing because he was busy, immensely busy, and hurried by a multitude of reasons and desires for doing his duty perfectly. His whole life had been a mere period of preliminary reflection for

this situation, and he had no clear idea of anything save his obligation as an officer. A man of this kind might be stupid; it is conceivable that in remote cases certain bumps on his head might be composed entirely of wood; but those traditions of fidelity and courage which have been handed to him from generation to generation, and which he has tenaciously preserved despite the persecution of legislators and the indifference of his country, make it incredible that in battle he should ever fail to give his best blood and his best thought for his general, for his men and for himself.

And so this young officer in the shapeless hat and the torn and dirty shirt failed to heed the wails of the wounded man, even as the pilgrim fails to heed the world as he raises his illumined face toward his purpose—rightly or wrongly his purpose—his sky of the ideal of duty; and the wonderful part of it is that he is guided by an ideal which he has himself created, and has alone protected from attack. The young man was merely an officer in the United States regular army.

The column swung across a shallow ford and took a road which passed the right flank of one of the American batteries.

On a hill it was booming and belching great clouds of white smoke. The infantry looked up with interest. Arrayed below the hill and behind the battery were the horses and limbers, the riders checking their pawing mounts, and behind each rider a red blanket flamed against the fervent green of the bushes. As the infantry moved along the road, some of the battery horses turned at the noise of the trampling feet and surveyed the men with eyes deep as wells, serene, mournful, generous eyes, lit heart-breakingly with something that was akin to a philosophy, a religion of self-sacrifice—oh, gallant, gallant horses!

"I know a feller in that battery," said Nolan musingly. "A driver."

"Damn sight rather be a gunner," said Martin.

"Why would ye?" said Nolan opposingly.

"Well, I'd take my chances as a gunner b'fore I'd sit 'way up in th' air on a raw-boned plug an' git shot at."

"Aw——" began Nolan.

"They've had some losses t'-day all right," interrupted Grierson.

"Horses?" asked Watkins.

"Horses, an' men too," said Grierson.

"How d'yeh know?"

"A feller told me there by the ford."

They kept only a part of their minds bearing on this discussion, because they could already hear high in the air the wire-string note of the enemy's bullets.

III.

The road taken by this battalion, as it followed other battalions, is something less than a mile long in its journey across a heavily wooded plain. It is greatly changed now; in fact, it was metamorphosed in two days; but at that time it was a mere track through dense shrubbery from which rose great, dignified arching trees. It was, in fact, a path through a jungle.

The battalion had no sooner left the battery in rear than bullets began to drive overhead. They made several different sounds, but as they were mainly high shots, it was usual for them to make the faint note of a vibrant string touched elusively, half dreamily.

The military balloon, a fat, wavering yellow thing, was leading the advance like some new conception of war-god. Its bloated mass shone above the trees, and served incidentally to indicate to the men at the rear that comrades were in advance. The track itself exhibited, for all its visible length, a closely knit procession of soldiers in blue, with breasts crossed by white shelter-tents. The first ominous order of battle came down the line. "Use the cut-off. Don't use the magazine until you're ordered."

Non-commissioned officers repeated the command gruffly. A sound of clicking locks rattled along the column. All men knew that the time had come.

The front had burst out with a roar like a brush fire. The balloon was dying, dying a gigantic and public death before the eyes of two armies. It quivered, sank, faded into the trees amid the flurry of a battle that was suddenly and tremendously like a storm.

The American battery thundered behind

the men with a shock that seemed likely to tear the backs of their heads off. The Spanish shrapnel fled on a line to their left, swirling and swishing in supernatural velocity. The noise of the rifle bullets broke in their faces like the noise of so many lamp chimneys, or sped overhead in swift, cruel spitting. And at the front, the battle-sound, as if it were simply music, was beginning to swell and swell until the volleys rolled like a surf.

The officers shouted hoarsely.

"Come on, men! Hurry up, boys! Come on, now! Hurry up!" The soldiers, running heavily in their accouterments, dashed forward. A baggage guard was swiftly detailed; the men tore their rolls from their shoulders as if the things were afire. The battalion, stripped for action, again dashed forward.

"Come on, men! Come on!"

To them the battle was as yet merely a road through the woods crowded with troops who lowered their heads anxiously as the bullets fled high. But a moment later the column wheeled abruptly to the left and entered a field of tall green grass. The line scattered to a skirmish formation. In front was a series of knolls, treed sparsely like orchards, and although no enemy was visible, these knolls were all popping and spitting with rifle-fire. In some places there were to be seen long gray lines of dirt intrenchments. The American shells were kicking up reddish clouds of dust from the brow of one of the knolls where stood a pagoda-like house. It was not much like a battle with men; it was a battle with a bit of charming scenery, enigmatically potent for death.

Nolan knew that Martin had suddenly fallen. "What——" he began.

"They've hit me," said Martin.

"Hell!" said Nolan.

Martin lay on the ground, clutching his left fore-arm just below the elbow with all the strength of his right hand. His lips were pursed ruefully. He did not seem to know what to do. He continued to stare at his arm.

Then suddenly the bullets drove at them low and hard. The men flung themselves face down in the grass. Nolan lost all thought of his friend. Oddly enough, he felt somewhat like a man hiding under a

bed, and he was just as sure that he could not raise his head high without being shot, as a man hiding under a bed is sure that he cannot raise his head without bumping it.

A lieutenant was seated in the grass just behind him. He was in the careless and yet rigid pose of a man balancing a loaded plate on his knee at a picnic. He was talking in soothing, paternal tones.

"Now don't get rattled. We're all right here. Just as safe as being in church. . . . They're all going high. Don't mind them. . . . Don't mind them. . . . They're all going high. We've got them rattled and they can't shoot straight. Don't mind them."

The sun burned down steadily from a pale sky upon the crackling woods and knolls and fields. From the roar of musketry, it might have been that the celestial heat was frying this part of the world.

Nolan snuggled close to the grass.

He watched a gray line of intrenchments, above which floated the veriest gossamer of smoke. A flag lolled on a staff behind it. The men in the trench volleyed whenever an American shell exploded near them. It was some kind of infantile defiance. Frequently a bullet came from the woods directly behind Nolan and his comrades. They thought at the time that these bullets were from the rifle of some incompetent soldier of their own side.

There was no cheering. The men would have looked about them wondering where the army was if it were not that the crash of the fighting for the distance of a mile denoted plainly enough where that army was.

Officially, the battalion had not yet fired a shot; there had been merely some irresponsible popping by men on the extreme left flank. But it was known that the Lieutenant-Colonel who had been in command was dead, shot through the heart, and that the Captains were thinned down to two. At the rear went on a long tragedy in which men, bent and hasty, hurried to shelter with other men, helpless, dazed and bloody. Nolan knew of it all from the hoarse and affrighted voices which he heard as he lay flattened in the grass.

There came to him a sense of exultation. Here, then, was one of those dread and lurid situations which in a nation's history stand out in crimson letters, becoming tales of blood to stir generation after generation. And he was in it and unharmed. If he lived through the battle, he would be a hero of the desperate fight at—and here he wondered for a second what fate would be pleased to bestow as a name for this battle.

But it is quite sure that hardly another man in the battalion was engaged in any thoughts concerning the historic. On the contrary, they deemed it ill that they were being badly cut up on a most unimportant occasion. It would have benefited the conduct of whoever were weak if they had known that they were engaged in a battle that would be famous forever.

IV.

Martin had picked himself up from where the bullet had knocked him, and addressed the Lieutenant. "I'm hit, sir," he said.

The Lieutenant was very busy. "All right, all right," he said, heeding the man just enough to learn where he was wounded. "Go over that way. You ought to see a dressing-station under those trees."

Martin found himself dizzy and sick. The sensation in his arm was distinctly galvanic. The feeling was so strange that he could wonder at times if a wound was really what ailed him. Once, in this dazed way, he examined his arm; he saw the hole. Yes, he was shot; that was it. And more than in any other way it affected him with a profound sadness.

As directed by the Lieutenant, he went to the clump of trees, but he found no dressing-station there. He found only a dead soldier lying with his face buried in his arms, and with his shoulders humped high as if he was convulsively sobbing. Martin decided to make his way to the road, deeming that he thus would better his chances of getting to a surgeon. But he suddenly found his way blocked by a fence of barbed wire. Such was his mental condition that he brought up at a rigid halt before this fence and stared stupidly at it. It did not seem to him possible that

this obstacle could be defeated by any means. The fence was there and it stopped his progress. He could not go in that direction.

But as he turned he espied that procession of wounded men, strange pilgrims, which had already worn a path in the tall grass. They were passing through a gap in the fence. Martin joined them. The bullets were flying over them in sheets, but many of them bore themselves as men who had now exalted from fate a singular immunity. Generally there were no outcries, no kicking, no talk at all. They too, like Martin, seemed buried in a vague but profound melancholy.

But there was one who cried out loudly. A man shot in the head was being carried awkwardly by four comrades, and he continually yelled one word that was terrible in its primitive strength. "Bread! Bread! Bread!"

Following him and his bearers were a limping crowd of men, less cruelly wounded, who kept their eyes always fixed on him, as if they gained from his extreme agony some balm for their own sufferings.

"Bread! Give me bread!"

Martin plucked a man by the sleeve. The man had been shot in the foot and was making his way with the help of a curved, incompetent stick. It is an axiom of war that wounded men can never find straight sticks.

"What's the matter with that feller?" asked Martin.

"Nutty," said the man.

"Why is he?"

"Shot in th' head," answered the other impatiently.

The wail of the sufferer rose in the field, amid the swift rasp of bullets and the boom and shatter of shrapnel. "Bread! Bread! Oh, God, can't you give me bread? Bread!" The bearers of him were suffering exquisite agony, and often exchanged glances which exhibited their despair of ever getting free of this tragedy. It seemed endless.

"Bread! Bread! Bread!"

But despite the fact that there was always in the way of this crowd a wistful melancholy, one must know that there were plenty of men who laughed, laughed at their wounds, whimsically, quaintly, in-

venting odd humors concerning bicycles and cabs, extracting from this sladding of their blood a wonderful amount of material for cheerful badinage, and with their faces twisted from pain as they stepped, they often joked like music-hall stars. And perhaps this was the most tearful part of all.

They trudged along a road until they reached a ford. Here, under the eave of the bank, lay a dismal company. In the mud and in the damp shade of some bushes were a half-hundred pale-faced men prostrate. Two or three surgeons were working there. Also there was a chaplain, grim-mouthed, resolute, his surtout discarded. Overhead always was that incessant, maddening wail of bullets.

Martin was standing gazing drowsily at the scene when a surgeon grabbed him. "Here! What's the matter with you?" Martin was daunted. He wondered what he had done that the surgeon should be so angry with him.

"In the arm," he muttered, half shamefacedly.

After the surgeon had hastily and irritably bandaged the injured member, he glared at Martin and said, "You can walk all right, can't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Well, now, you just make tracks down that road."

"Yes, sir," Martin went meekly off. The doctor had seemed exasperated almost to the point of madness.

The road was at this time swept by the fire of a body of Spanish sharpshooters who had come cunningly around the flanks of the American army, and were now hidden in the dense foliage that lined both sides of the road. They were shooting at everything. The road was as crowded as a street in a city, and at an absurdly short range they emptied at the passing people. They were aided always by the over-sweep from the regular Spanish line of battle.

Martin was sleepy from his wounds. He saw tragedy follow tragedy, but they created in him no feeling of horror.

A man with a red cross on his arm was leaning against a great tree. Suddenly he tumbled to the ground and writhed for a moment in the way of a child oppressed with colic. A comrade immediately began

to bustle importantly. "Here!" he called to Martin, "help me carry this man, will you?"

Martin looked at him with dull scorn. "I'll be damned if I do," he said. "Can't carry myself, let alone somebody else."

This answer, which rings now so inhuman, pitiless, did not affect the other man. "Well, all right," he said; "here comes some other fellers." The wounded man had now turned blue-gray; his eyes were closed; his body shook in a gentle, persistent chill.

Occasionally Martin came upon dead horses, their limbs sticking out and up like stakes. One beast, mortally shot, was besieged by three or four men who were trying to push it into the bushes where it could live its brief time of anguish without thrashing to death any of the wounded men in the gloomy procession.

The mule train, with extra ammunition, charged toward the front, still led by the tinkling bell-mare.

An ambulance was stuck momentarily in the mud, and above the crack of battle one could hear the familiar objurgations of the driver as he whirled his lash.

Two privates were having a hard time with a wounded captain whom they were supporting to the rear. He was half cursing, half wailing out the information that he not only would not go another step toward the rear, but was certainly going to return at once to the front. They begged, pleaded, at great length, as they continually headed him off. They were not unlike two nurses with an exceptionally bad and headstrong little duke.

The wounded soldiers paused to look impassively upon this struggle. They were always like men who could not be aroused by anything further.

The visible hospital was mainly straggling thickets intersected with narrow paths, the ground being covered with men. Martin saw a busy person with a book and a pencil, but he did not approach him to become officially a member of the hospital. All he desired was rest and immunity from nagging. He took seat painfully under a bush and leaned his back upon the trunk. There he remained thinking, his face wooden.

V.

"My Gawd," said Nolan, squirming on his belly in the grass, "I can't stand this much longer."

Then suddenly every rifle in the firing line seemed to go off of its own accord. It was the result of an order, but few men had heard the order; in the main they had fired because they heard others fire, and their sense was so quick that the volley did not sound too ragged. These marksmen had been lying for nearly an hour in stony silence, their sights adjusted, their fingers fondling their rifles, their eyes staring at the intrenchments of the enemy. The battalion had suffered heavy losses, and these losses had been hard to bear, for a soldier always reasons that men lost during a period of inaction are men badly lost.

The line now sounded like a great machine set to running frantically in the open air, the bright sunshine of a green field. To the "prut" of the magazine rifles was added the under-chorus of the clicking mechanism, steady and swift as if the hand of one operator was controlling it all. It reminds one always of a loom, a great, grand steel loom, clinking, clanking, plunking, plinking, to weave a woof of thin red threads, the cloth of death. By the men's shoulders, under their eager hands, dropped continually the yellow empty shells, spinning into the crushed grass blades, to remain there and mark for the belated eye the line of a battalion's fight.

All impatience, all rebellious feeling, had passed out of the men as soon as they had been allowed to use their weapons against the enemy. They now were absorbed in this business of hitting something, and all the long training at the rifle ranges, all the pride of the marksman which had been so long alive in them, made them forget for the time everything but shooting. They were as deliberate and exact as so many watchmakers.

A new sense of safety was rightfully upon them. They knew that those mysterious men in the high far trenches in front were having the bullets sping in their faces with relentless and remarkable precision; they knew, in fact, that they were now doing the thing which they had been

trained endlessly to do, and they knew they were doing it well. Nolan, for instance, was overjoyed. "Plug 'em!" he said. "Plug 'em!" He was aiming his rifle under the shadow of a certain portico of a fortified house; there he could faintly see a long black line which he knew to be a loophole cut for riflemen, and he knew that every shot of his was going there under the portico, mayhap through the loophole to the brain of another man like himself. He loaded the awkward magazine of his rifle again and again. He was so intent that he did not know of new orders until he saw the men about him scrambling to their feet and running forward, crouching low as they ran.

He heard a shout. "Come on, boys! We can't be last! We're going up! We're going up!" He sprang to his feet and, stooping, ran with the others. Something fine, soft, gentle, touched his heart as he ran. He had loved the regiment, the army, because the regiment, the army, was his life. He had no other outlook; and now these men, his comrades, were performing his dream-scenes for him. They were doing as he had ordained in his visions. It is curious that in this charge, he considered himself as rather unworthy. Although he himself was in the assault with the rest of them, it seemed to him that his comrades were dazzlingly courageous. His part, to his mind, was merely that of a man who was going along with the crowd.

He saw Grierson biting madly with his pincers at a barbed-wire fence. They were half-way up the beautiful sylvan slope; there was no enemy to be seen, and yet the landscape rained bullets. Somebody punched him violently in the stomach. He thought dully to lie down and rest, but instead he fell with a crash.

The sparse line of men in blue shirts and dirty slouch hats swept on up the hill. He decided to shut his eyes for a moment, because he felt very dreamy and peaceful. It seemed only a minute before he heard a voice say, "There he is." Grierson and Watkins had come to look for him. He searched their faces at once and keenly, for he had a thought that the line might be driven down the hill and leave him in

Spanish hands. But he saw that everything was secure and he prepared no questions.

"Nolan," said Grierson clumsily, "do you know me?"

The man on the ground smiled softly. "Of course I know you, you chowder-faced monkey. Why wouldn't I know you?"

Watkins knelt beside him. "Where did they plug you, boy?"

Nolan was somewhat dubious.

"It ain't much, I don't think, but it's somewheres there." He laid a finger on the pit of his stomach. They lifted his shirt and then privately they exchanged a glance of horror.

"Does it hurt, Jimmie?" said Grierson, hoarsely.

"No," said Nolan, "it don't hurt any, but I feel sort of dead-to-the-world and numb all over. I don't think it's very bad."

"Oh, it's all right," said Watkins.

"What I need is a drink," said Nolan, grinning at them. "I'm chilly—lyin' on this damp ground."

"It ain't very damp, Jimmie," said Grierson.

"Well, it is damp," said Nolan, with sudden irritability. "I can feel it. I'm wet, I tell you—wet through—just from lyin' here."

They answered hastily. "Yes, that's so, Jimmie. It is damp. That's so."

"Just put your hand under my back and see how wet the ground is," he said.

"No," they answered. "That's all right, Jimmie. We know it's wet."

"Well, put your hand under and see," he cried, stubbornly.

"Oh, never mind, Jimmie."

"No," he said in a temper, "see for yourself."

Grierson seemed to be afraid of Nolan's agitation, and so he slipped a hand under the prostrate man, and presently withdrew it covered with blood. "Yes," he said, hiding his hand carefully from Nolan's eyes, "you were right, Jimmie."

"Of course I was," said Nolan, contentedly closing his eyes. "This hillside holds water like a swamp." After a moment he said: "Guess I ought to know. I'm flat here on it, and you fellers are standing up."

He did not know he was dying. He thought he was holding an argument on the condition of the turf.

"Cover his face," said Grierson in a low and husky voice, afterward.

"What'll I cover it with?" said Watkins.

They looked at themselves. They stood in their shirts, trousers, leggings, shoes; they had nothing.

"Oh," said Grierson, "here's his hat." He brought it and laid it on the face of the dead man. They stood for a time. It was apparent that they thought it essential and decent to say or do something. Finally Watkins said in a broken voice, "Aw, it's a damn shame."

They moved slowly off toward the firing line.

* * * * *

In the blue gloom of evening, in one of the fever tents, the two rows of still figures became hideous, charnel. The languid movement of a hand was surrounded with spectral mystery, and the occasional painful twisting of a body under a blanket was terrifying, as if dead men were moving in their graves under the sod. A heavy odor of sickness and medicine hung in the air.

"What regiment are you in?" said a feeble voice.

"Twenty-ninth Infantry," answered another voice.

"Twenty-ninth! Why, the man on the other side of me is in the Twenty-ninth."

"He is? . . . Hey there, partner, are you in the Twenty-ninth?"

A third voice merely answered wearily: "Martin, of C Company."

"What? Jack, is that you?"

"It's part of me. . . . Who are you?"

"Grierson, you fat-head. I thought you were wounded."

There was the noise of a man gulping a great drink of water, and at its conclusion Martin said, "I am."

"Well, what you doin' in the fever place, then?"

Martin replied with drowsy impatience.

"Got the fever, too."

"Gee!" said Grierson.

Thereafter there was silence in the fever tent save for the noise made by a man over in a corner, a kind of man always found in an American crowd, a heroic, implacable comedian and patriot, of a humor that has bitterness and ferocity and love in it, and he was wringing from the situation a grim meaning by singing the Star-Spangled Banner with all the ardor which could be procured from his fever-stricken body.

"Billie," called Martin, in a low voice, "where's Jimmie Nolan?"

"He's dead," said Grierson.

A tangle of raw gold light shone on a side of the tent. Somewhere in the valley an engine's bell was ringing, and it sounded of peace and home as if it hung on a cow's neck.

"An' where's Ike Watkins?"

"Well, he ain't dead, but he got shot through the lungs. They say he ain't got much show."

Through the clouded odors of sickness and medicine rang the dauntless voice of the man in the corner:

" . . . Long may it wave. . . . "

LIFE'S RAMAH.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

DAY after day,
The Herod Morn
Of Dreams doth slay
The latest-born;
And Love, like Rachel o'er her dead,
Will not again be comforted.



Drawn by
E. West Chinedinst.

"COPY THAT LETTER."

THE RETIREMENT OF SIGNOR LAMBERT.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

SIR WILLIAM SPARTER was a man who had raised himself in the course of a quarter of a century from earning four-and-twenty shillings a week as a fitter in Portsmouth Dockyard to being the owner of a yard and a fleet of his own. The little house in Lake Road, Landport, where he, an obscure mechanic, had first conceived the idea of the boilers which are associated with his name, is still pointed out to the curious. But now, at the age of fifty, he owned a mansion in Leinster Gardens, a country house at Taplow and a shooting in Argyleshire, with the best stable, the choicest cellars and the prettiest wife in town.

As untiring and inflexible as one of his own engines, his life had been directed to the one purpose of attaining the very best which the world had to give. Square-headed and round-shouldered, with massive, clean-shaven face and slow, deep-set

eyes, he was the very embodiment of persistency and strength. Never once from the beginning of his career had public failure of any sort tarnished its brilliancy.

And yet he had failed in one thing, and that the most important of all. He had never succeeded in gaining the affection of his wife. She was the daughter of a surgeon, and the belle of a northern town when he married her. Even then he was rich and powerful, which made her overlook the twenty years which divided them. But he had come on a long way since then. His great Brazilian contract, his conversion into a company, his baronetcy—all these had been since his marriage. Only in the one thing he had never progressed. He could frighten his wife, he could dominate her, he could make her admire his strength and respect his consistency, he could mold her to his will in every other direction, but, do what he would, he could not make her love him.

But it was not for want of trying. With the unrelaxing patience which made him great in business, he had striven, year in and year out, to win her affection. But the very qualities which had helped him in his public life had made him unbearable in private. He was tactless, unsympathetic, overbearing, almost brutal sometimes, and utterly unable to think out those small attentions in word and deed which women value far more than the larger material benefits. The hundred-pound check tossed across a breakfast table is a much smaller thing to a woman than the five-shilling charm which represents some thought and some trouble upon the part of the giver.

Sparter failed to understand this. With his mind full of the affairs of his firm, he had little time for the delicacies of life, and he endeavored to atone by periodical munificence. At the end of five years he found that he had lost rather than gained in the lady's affections. Then, at this unwonted sense of failure, the evil side of the man's nature began to stir, and he became dangerous. But he was more dangerous still when a letter of his wife's came, through the treachery of a servant, into his hands, and he realized that if she was cold to him she had passion enough for another. His firm, his ironclads, his patents, everything was dropped, and he turned his huge energies to the undoing of the man.

He had been cold and silent during dinner that evening, and she had wondered vaguely what had occurred to change him. He had said nothing while they sat together over their coffee in the drawing-room. Once or twice she had glanced at him in surprise, and had found those deep-set gray eyes fixed upon her with an expression that was new to her. Her mind had been full of some one else, but gradually her husband's silence and the inscrutable expression of his face forced themselves upon her attention.

"You don't seem yourself, to-night, William. What is the matter?" she asked. "I hope there has been nothing to trouble you."

He was still silent and leaned back in his arm-chair, watching her beautiful face, which had turned pale with the sense of some impending catastrophe.

"Can I do anything for you, William?"

"Yes, you can write a letter."

"What is the letter?"

"I will tell you presently."

The last murmur died away in the house, and they heard the discreet step of Peterson, the butler, and the snick of the lock as he made all secure for the night. Sir William Sparter sat listening for a while. Then he rose.

"Come into my study," said he.

The room was dark, but he switched on the green-shaded electric lamp which stood upon the writing-table.

"Sit there at the table," said he. He closed the door and seated himself beside her. "I only wanted to tell you, Jacky, that I know about Lambert."

She gasped and shivered, flinching away from him with her hands out as if she feared a blow.

"Yes, I know everything," said he, and his quiet tone carried such conviction with it that she could not question what he said. She made no reply, but sat with her eyes fixed upon his grave, massive face. A clock ticked loudly upon the mantelpiece, but everything else was silent in the house. She had never noticed that ticking before, but now it was like the hammering of a nail into her head. He rose and put a sheet of paper before her. Then he drew one from his own pocket and flattened it out upon the corner of the table.

"I have a rough draft here of the letter which I wish you to copy," said he. "I will read it to you if you like. 'My own dearest Cecil: I will be at No. 29 at half-past six, and I particularly wish you to come before you go down to the opera. Don't fail me, for I have the very strongest reasons for wishing to see you. Ever yours, Jacqueline.' Take up a pen and copy that letter."

"William, you are plotting some revenge. Oh, William, if I have wronged you, I am so sorry——"

"Copy that letter!"

"But what is it that you wish to do? Why should you desire him to come at that hour?"

"Copy that letter!"

"How can you be so harsh, William? You know very well——"

"Copy that letter!"



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst. "SIR WILLIAM DID NOT EVEN ANSWER HIM."



Drawn by
B. West Clineinst.

"READ AND REREAD THE TEXT."

"I begin to hate you, William. I believe that it is a fiend, not a man, that I have married."

"Copy that letter!"

Gradually the inflexible will and the unfaltering purpose began to prevail over the creature of nerves and moods. Reluctantly, mutinously, she took the pen in her hand.

"You wouldn't harm him, William!"

"Copy that letter!"

"Will you promise to forgive me, if I do?"

"Copy that letter!"

She looked at him with the intention of defying him, but those masterful gray eyes dominated her. She was like a half-hypnotized creature, resentful, and yet obedient.

"There, will that satisfy you?"

He took the note from her hand and placed it in an envelope.

"Now address it to him!"

She wrote "Cecil Lambert, Esq., 133B, Half Moon street, W." in a straggling, agitated hand. Her husband very deliberately blotted it and placed it carefully in his pocket-book.

"I hope that you are satisfied now," said she, with weak petulance.

"Quite," said he gravely. "You can go to your room. Mrs. McKay has my orders to sleep with you, and to see that you write no letters."

"Mrs. McKay! Do you expose me to the humiliation of being watched by my own servants?"

"Go to your room!"

"If you imagine that I am going to be under the orders of the house-keeper——"

"Go to your room!"

"Oh, William, who would have thought in the old days that you could ever have treated me like this? If my mother had ever dreamed——"

He took her by the arm, and led her to the door.

"Go to your room!" said he, and she passed out into the darkened hall. He closed the door and returned to the writing table. Out of a drawer he took two things which he had purchased that day, the one a paper and the other a book. The former was a recent number of the "Musical Record," and it contained a biography and picture of the famous Signor Lambert, whose wonderful tenor voice had been the delight of the public and the despair of his rivals. The picture was that of a good-natured, self-satisfied creature, young and handsome, with a full eye, a curling mustache and a bull neck. The biography explained that he was only in his twenty-seventh year, that his career had been one continued triumph, that he was devoted to his art, and that his voice was worth to him, at a very moderate computation, some twenty thousand pounds a year. All this Sir William Sparter read very carefully, with his great brows drawn down, and a furrow like a gash between them, as his way was when his attention was concentrated. Then he folded the paper up again, and he opened the book.

It was a curious work for such a man to select for his reading—a technical treatise upon the organs of speech and voice-production. There were numerous colored illustrations, to which he paid particular attention. Most of them were of the internal anatomy of the larynx, with the silvery vocal cords shining from under the pink arytenoid cartilage. Far into the night Sir William Sparter, with those great virile eyebrows still bunched together, pored over these irrelevant pictures, and read and reread the text in which they were explained.

* * * * *

Dr. Manifold Ormonde, the famous throat specialist, of Cavendish square, was surprised next morning when his butler brought the card of Sir William Sparter into his consulting-room. He had met him at dinner at the table of Lord Marvin a few nights before, and it struck him at that time that he had seldom seen a man who looked such a type of rude, physical health. So he thought again, as the square, thick-set figure of the shipbuilder was ushered in to him.

"Glad to see you again, Sir William," said the specialist. "I hope there is nothing wrong with your health."

"Nothing, thank you."

He sat down in the chair which the doctor had indicated, and he ran his eyes slowly and deliberately round the room. Dr. Ormonde watched him with some curiosity, for he had the air of a man who looks for something which he had expected to see.

"No, I didn't come about my health," said he, at last. "I came for information."

"Whatever I can give you is entirely at your disposal."

"I have been studying the throat a little of late. I read McIntyre's book about it. I suppose that is all right."

"An elementary treatise, but accurate as far as it goes."

"I had an idea that you would be likely to have a model or something of that kind."

For answer the doctor unclasped the lid of a yellow, shining box upon his consulting-room table, and turned it back upon



Drawn by S. West Clinedinst.

"YOU, HOLDEN!" HE CRIED, "YOU LEAVE MY SERVICE TO-NIGHT."

the hinge. Within was a complete model of the human vocal organs.

"You are right, you see," said he.

Sir William Sparter stood up, and bent over the model.

"It's a neat little bit of work," said he, looking at it with the critical eyes of an engineer. "This is the glottis, is it not? And here is the epiglottis."

"Precisely. And here are the cords."

"What would happen if you cut them?"

"Cut what?"

"These things—the vocal cords."

"But you could not cut them. They are out of the reach of accident."

"But if such a thing did happen?"

"There is no such case upon record, but, of course, the person would become dumb—for a time, at any rate."

"You have a large practice among singers, have you not?"

"The largest in London."

"I suppose you agree with what this man McIntyre says, that a fine voice depends partly upon the cords."

"The volume of sound would depend upon the lung capacity, but the clearness of the note would correspond with the complete control which the singer exercised over the cords."

"Any roughness or notching of the cords would ruin the voice?"

"For singing purposes, undoubtedly—but your researches seem to be taking a very curious direction."

"Yes," said Sir William, as he picked up his hat, and laid a fee upon the corner of the table. "They are a little out of the common, are they not?"

* * * * *

Warburton street is one of the network of thoroughfares which connects Chelsea with Kensington, and it is chiefly remarkable for the number of studios it contains. Signor Lambert, the famous tenor, owned an apartment here, and his neat little dark-green brougham might have been seen several times a week waiting at the head of the long passage which led down to the chambers in question.

When Sir William Sparter, muffled in his overcoat, and carrying a small black leather bag in his hand, turned the corner, he saw the lamps of the carriage against the curb, and knew that the man whom he had

come to see was already in the place of assignation. He passed the empty brougham, and walked up the tile-paved passage with the yellow gas lamp shining at the far end of it.

The door was open, and led into a large empty hall, laid down with cocoanut matting and stained with many footmarks. The place was a rabbit warren by daylight, but now, when the working hours were over, it was deserted. A housekeeper in the basement was the only permanent resident. Sir William paused, but everything was silent, and everything was dark save for one door which was outlined in thin yellow slashes. He pushed it open and entered. Then he locked it upon the inside and put the key in his pocket.

It was a large room, scantily furnished, and lit by a single oil lamp upon a center-table. On a chair at the farther side of the table a man had been sitting, who had sprung to his feet with an exclamation of joy, which had changed into one of surprise, and culminated in an oath.

"What the devil do you mean by locking that door? Unlock it again, sir, this instant!"

Sir William did not even answer him. He advanced to the table, opened the bag, and began to take out all sorts of things—a green bottle, a dentist's gag, an inhaler, a forceps, a curved bistoury, a curious pair of scissors. Signor Lambert stood staring at him in a paralysis of rage and astonishment.

"You infernal scoundrel—who are you, and what do you want?"

Sir William had emptied his bag, and now he took off his overcoat and laid it over the back of a chair. Then for the first time he turned his eyes upon the singer. He was a taller man than himself, but far slighter and weaker. The engineer, though short, was exceedingly powerful, with muscles which had been toughened by hard physical work. His broad shoulders, arching chest and great gnarled hands gave him the outline of a gorilla. Lambert shrunk away from him, frightened by his sinister figure and by his cold, inexorable eyes.

"Have you come to rob me?" he gasped.

"I have come to speak to you. My name is Sparter."



Drawn by B. West Chinedinst.

"HIS HEAD HAD FALLEN BACK AND HE MUTTERED INTO THE INHALER."

Lambert tried to retain his grasp upon the self-possession which was rapidly slipping away from him.

"Sparter!" said he, with an attempt at jauntiness. "Sir William Sparter, I presume? I have had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sparter, and I have heard her mention you. May I ask the object of this visit?" He buttoned up his coat with twitching fingers, and tried to look fierce over his collar.

"I've come," said Sparter, jerking some fluid from the green bottle into the inhaler, "to change your voice."

"To change my voice?"

"Precisely."

"You are a madman! What do you mean?"

"Kindly lie back upon the settee."

"You are raving! I see it all. You wish to bully me. You have some motive in this. You imagine that there are relations between Lady Sparter and me. I do assure you that your wife——"

"My wife has nothing to do with the matter either now or hereafter. Her name does not appear at all. My motives are musical—purely musical, you understand. I don't like your voice. It wants treatment. Lie back upon the settee!"

"Sir William, I give you my word of honor——"

"Lie back."

"You're choking me! It's chloroform! Help, help, help! You brute! Let me go! Let me go, I say! Oh, please! Lemme—Lemme—Lem——!" His head had fallen back, and he muttered into the inhaler. Sir William pulled up the table which held the lamp and the instrument.

It was some minutes after the gentleman

with the overcoat and the bag had emerged that the coachman outside heard a voice shouting, and shouting very hoarsely and angrily, within the building. Presently came the sounds of unsteady steps, and his master, crimson with rage, stumbled out into the yellow circle thrown by the carriage lamps.

"You, Holden!" he cried, "you leave my service to-night. Did you not hear me calling? Why did you not come?"

The man looked at him in bewilderment, and shuddered at the color of his shirt-front.

"Yes, sir, I heard some one calling," he answered, "but it wasn't you, sir. It was a voice that I had never heard before."

"Considerable disappointment was caused at the opera last week," said one of the best-informed musical critics, "by the fact that Signor Cecil Lambert was unable to appear in the various roles which had been announced. On Tuesday night it was only at the very last instant that the management learned of the grave indisposition which had overtaken him, and had it not been for the presence of Jean Caravatti, who had understudied the part, the piece must have been abandoned. Since then we regret to hear that Signor Lambert's seizure was even more severe than was originally thought, and that it consists of an acute form of laryngitis, spreading to the vocal cords, and involving changes which may permanently affect the quality of his voice. All lovers of music will hope that these reports may prove to be pessimistic, and that we may soon be charmed once more by the finest tenor which we have heard for many a year upon the London operatic stage."



CHANGE.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

THERE'S many a hue (and some I knew) in the skein of a weaver old:
Ah, there is the white o' the lily hand, and the glow o' the silky gold!
And the crimson missed in the lips I kissed, and the blue o' the maiden's
eye:

O, look at the wonderful web of life and look at the weaver's dye.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VII.

INSTEAD of making sure of my ground, and advancing by gradual, but certain steps, I traversed Poland, and crossed the Niemen. I beat the armies that opposed me; I marched on without a halt and I entered Moscow.

It was the last day of my good fortune. It should have been the last of my life.

Master of a capital that the Russians had left me in ashes, I might have hoped that they would acknowledge themselves beaten, and accept the advantageous terms of peace I offered. But, at that moment, fortune abandoned our cause. England brought about a peace with Russia and the Sublime Porte, which gave Russia the disposal of her whole force. A Frenchman whom chance had raised to the throne of Sweden, betrayed the interests of his country, and allied himself with its enemies in hope of bartering Finland for Norway.

He himself traced out the Russian plan of defense; and England prevented the court of Petersburg from accepting peace. I was astonished at the delay of its conclusion. The season was advancing. It became evident that there was no intention of peace. The moment I was sure of this I gave orders for a retreat. The elements rendered it severe. The French acquired honor by the firmness with which they supported their reverses. Their courage never left them but with their life.

Shocked, myself, at the sight of this disaster, I was obliged to recollect that a sovereign ought never either to bend or to weep.

Europe was still more astonished at my misfortunes than it had been at my success.

But I was not to be deceived by its apparent stupor. I had lost half of that army which had overawed it. It might hope to overcome the remainder, for the proportions of our forces were altered. I foresaw, therefore, that the moment the first surprise was over, I should again find the eternal coalition in arms; its shouts of joy had already reached me. The moment of defeat is an unfavorable one for the conclusion of peace. Austria—who was comforted by my humiliation, because by

it her share of our alliance became more important—Austria proposed peace. She offered her mediation: it was refused: she had lost her credit.

I must, therefore, again be victorious: I felt sure of being so when I perceived that the public feeling of France went along with me. Never did history present a great people in a fairer light: afflicted at their losses, but eager to repair them. In three months it was done. This single fact is a sufficient answer to the clamors of such as feel no triumph but in the disasters of their country.

France, perhaps, owes to me, in part, the proud station she maintained in her hour of misfortune; and if, in my whole career, there is a time which deserves the esteem of posterity, it is that—for it was the most painful to bear.

I appeared, then, at the opening of the campaign, as formidable as ever. The enemy was surprised at the sudden reappearance of my eagle. The army I commanded was more warlike than accustomed to war; but it was heir of a long course of glory, and I led it up to the enemy with confidence. I had a great task to perform: to reëstablish our military credit, and to renew the struggle which had been so near its conclusion. I still possessed Italy, Holland and most of the states of Germany. I had lost but little ground. But England redoubled her efforts. Prussia waged an insurgent war against us. The Princes of the Confederation were ready to join the strongest, and as I still continued so, they followed my standard, though languidly. Austria attempted to maintain a neutral dignity, while Germany was overrun with firebrands, who spirited up the people against us. My whole system tottered.

The fate of the world depended on chance; for there was no plan. A battle would decide it. Russia was to fight this battle, because she was strong and in earnest.

I attacked the Prusso-Russian army, and I beat it three times. As my success deranged the plans of the favorites of England, they affected to abandon all

hostile intentions, and commissioned Austria to propose peace.

These conditions were, in appearance, supportable, and many others in my place would have accepted them. For they only demanded the restitution of the Illyrian provinces and the Hanse towns; the nomination of independent sovereigns in Italy and Holland; the evacuation of Spain, and the restoration of the Pope to Rome. I must have been greatly lowered in public opinion, since they dared, after three victories, to ask me to give up countries that they had not even ventured to threaten.

If I had consented to this peace, the fall of the empire would have been more sudden than its rise. By the map, indeed, it would still have been great; but in fact, it would have been nothing. Austria by taking upon herself the office of mediatrix, broke through our alliance, and united herself to the enemy. By restoring the Hanse towns I should have shown that I could give back my possessions, and everybody would have been for similar restitutions; I should have caused insurrection in every country. By evacuating Spain, I should have encouraged every species of resistance. By resigning the Iron Crown, I should have compromised that of the empire. The chances of peace were all against me; those of war might save me.

I confess that too great successes, and too great reverses, had marked the course of my history, to make it possible for me to put off the decision to another day. The great revolution of the nineteenth century must either be accomplished irrevocably, or be buried under a mountain of dead. The whole world was present to decide the question. Had I signed peace at Dresden, I should have left it undecided, and it must have come forward a little late. I must have recommenced the long career of success that I had already gone through; I must have recommenced it, although my youth was gone. My empire, to which I had promised rest, was wearied of the war, and ready to blame me for not accepting peace.

It was better, however, to take advantage of this critical moment, when the fate of the world depended upon the

issue of a single battle; for had I been victorious, the world would again have been mine.

I refused peace. As every one prefers seeing with his own eyes, Austria saw nothing but my imprudence, and thought the moment favorable for going over to the enemy. I was not, however, certain of this defection till the very last moment; but I was well able to sustain it. My plan for the campaign was fixed. Its result would have been decisive.

The worst of great armies is that the general cannot be everywhere. My manœuvres were, I think, the very best I had ever combined; but General Vandamme quitted his post, and was taken. Eager to make himself a marshal of the empire, M'Donald nearly drowned himself in the land-floods. Marshal Ney let himself be quietly beaten. My plan was overthrown in a very few hours.

I was beaten. I gave orders for a retreat. I was still strong enough to act offensively by changing my ground; I did not choose to lose the advantage of all the places I occupied; for by a single victory I should still have been master of the north, as far as Dantzic; I therefore reinforced all my garrisons, with orders to hold out to the last. They obeyed my orders.

I retired slowly, with an imposing force; but still I retired, and the enemy followed, increasing at every step—for nothing fills the ranks like success. All the hatred that time had treasured up burst forth at once. The Germans revolted to be revenged for the evils of war—the moment was propitious; I was beaten. As I foresaw, the enemy appeared to spring out of the earth. I waited them at Leipsic, on those very plains where they had beaten before.

Our position was not good, because we were attacked in a semicircle. Victory itself could be of little use to us. In fact, the first day we had the advantage, but were unable to renew the attack. It was a drawn battle, and we had to begin again. The army fought well, in spite of fatigue; but then, by an act which posterity will designate as it pleases, the allies who were in our ranks turned suddenly against us, and we were conquered.

We fell back upon France, but so great

a retreat could not be conducted without disorder: exhaustion and hunger destroyed many of our men. The Bavarians, after having deserted from our standard, attempted to prevent our return into France. The French marched over their dead bodies, and gained Mayence. This retreat cost us as many men as that from Russia.

Our losses were so tremendous that I myself was appalled. The nation was overwhelmed. If the enemy had pursued us, they would have entered Paris with our rear guard: but the sight of France dismayed them; they long looked at our frontiers before they dared to pass them. The question was no longer glory, but the honor of the nation. I therefore relied on the French. But I was unfortunate; I was ill served. I do not accuse the people; they are always ready to shed their blood for their country. I accuse no one of treachery, for it is more difficult to betray than people believe. I only accuse that despondency which is the result of misfortune. I was not free from it myself. He who is discouraged is undecided, because he perceives before him only a choice of evils; and indecision is the worst of evils in matters of importance.

I ought to have distrusted this general degradation more, and to have looked to everything myself. But I depended on a frightened ministry, which did everything ill. The fortresses were neither repaired nor provisioned, for they had not been threatened for twenty years. The zeal of the peasants victualled them; but the greater part of the commandants were old invalids who had been sent to them for repose. Most of my prefects were timid, and thought of packing up their goods instead of defending them. I ought to have changed them in time, that none but brave men might have appeared in my front ranks, if, indeed, such are to be found among those who have anything to lose.

Nothing was as yet ready for our defense, when the Swiss gave up to the Allies the passage across the Rhine. Notwithstanding their victories, the enemy had not dared advance boldly; they crept on with caution: they were alarmed at marching without resistance through a country they had conceived to be so thick-set with

bayonets. They did not meet our advanced guard till they reached Langres; then began that campaign which is too well known to need repetition; but which has left an immortal name to the handful of brave men who would not despair of the salvation of France. They restored me to confidence, and three times I believed that nothing was impossible with such soldiers.

I still had an army in Italy, and strong garrisons in the north, but I had no time to call them up: I must conquer on the spot. The fate of Europe hung on my person; there was not an important point but that on which I stood.

So doubtful were the Allies of success that they offered me peace. After having refused it at Dresden, I could not accept it at Chatillon. Before I could make peace I must save France, and reinstate our eagles on the Rhine.

After such a proof, our army would have been held invincible; our enemies would have trembled at the fatality which gave me victory. Still master of the south, and of the north by my garrisons, a single battle would restore my ascendancy, and I should have the glory of reverses, as well as that of victory.

This result was prepared; my manœuvres had succeeded; the enemy was turned; he was losing himself. A general action would have ended everything. A moment only was wanting—but my fall was fated: a dispatch which I had imprudently sent to the Empress, fell into the hands of the Allies, which convinced them of their danger. A Corsican, who happened to be in their council, showed them that prudence was more dangerous than boldness. They took the only measure which I had not foreseen, because it was the only good one. They outstripped me, and marched upon Paris.

They had received promises that their entrance should be favored, but this promise would have been unavailing if I had left the defense of the capital in better hands. I had confided in the honor of the nation, and I had madly left those at liberty who I knew were without it. I arrived too late with succors, and that city, which had never defended either its monarchs or its walls, had opened its gates.

I accused General Marmont of having

betrayed me. I now do him justice: No soldier betrayed the fidelity he owed his country; such wretches were found among a different class. But I was not master of myself, nor of my grief, when I saw the capitulation of Paris signed by my ancient brother-in-arms.

From the moment I was conquered, the cause of the revolution was lost. It was neither the royalists, nor the cowards, nor the malcontents who had overthrown me. The Allies were the masters of the world, since I was no longer able to dispute the title with them.

I was at Fontainebleau, surrounded by a small but faithful band. I might have tried the chance of battle with it still, for it was capable of heroic actions. But France would have paid too dear for the pleasure of revenge. She would have justly had to accuse me of her sufferings. I wished her to have nothing to accuse me of but the glory to which I raised her name. I was resigned.

They proposed different acts of abdication to me; I felt this to be a mummery. I had abdicated on the day on which I was conquered. But the formula might one day be of use to my son. I did not hesitate about signing it.

A numerous party would have wished this child to be placed upon the throne, that the revolution might be maintained, together with my dynasty. But the thing was impossible. Even the Allies had no choice. They were obliged to recall the Bourbons. Every one boasted of having brought about their restoration; but it was forced. It was the immediate consequence of the principles for which they had been fighting for twenty years. By assuming the crown, I had placed the throne out of the reach of the mob. By restoring it to the Bourbons, they placed it out of the reach of a fortunate soldier. It was the only means of extinguishing forever the revolutionary fire. The placing of any other sovereign on the throne of France would have been a solemn recognition of the principles of the revolution; in other words, an act of madness on the part of the sovereigns.

I will say more: the return of the Bourbons was a blessing to France. It saved her from anarchy, and promised re-

pose because it insured peace. It was necessary between the Allies and the Bourbons, because they guaranteed each other. France was not a party in that peace, because it was not made in her favor but in favor of a family which it suited the Allies to replace on the throne. It was a treaty intended to satisfy everybody. Therefore, it was the best manner in which France could have risen from the greatest defeat ever sustained by a warlike nation.

I was a prisoner, and expected to be treated as such; but either from that kind of respect inspired by an old warrior, or from the spirit of generosity which pervaded this revolution, they allowed me to choose an asylum. The Allies granted me an island, and a title, which they regarded as equally vain.

They permitted me (and in so doing their generosity was truly noble) to take with me a small number of those old soldiers with whom I had passed through such various fortunes. They permitted me to take a few of those men whom misfortune cannot discourage.

Separated from my wife and child, against every law divine and human, I retired to the isle of Elba, without any kind of project for the future. I had become a mere spectator of the age. But I knew, better than any one, into what hands Europe was about to fall; and I therefore knew it would be guided by chance; the turns of such a chance might bring me again into play. But the want of power to contribute toward it prevented my forming any plans, and I lived a stranger to the world. But the tide of events rolled on more rapidly than I had expected, and it came upon me in my retreat.

I received the daily papers; I learned from the external state of affairs. I tried to seize their spirit through the mist of false representations. It was evident to me that the King had discovered the secret of the age. He had discovered that France had chosen the revolution. He had discovered, by five and twenty years' experience, that his party was too weak to resist the majority. He knew that the majority will always give laws.

He must, therefore, reign with the majority, that is, by and with the revolution.

(To be concluded.)

HOME LIFE OF ENGLISH ROYALTY.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

THE intense domesticity of the English royal family has probably contributed more than anything else to give it a unique position among the reigning houses of Europe. Of all the rulers, its members are the most beloved. Its head, who, as the world knows with sorrow, will before long close the most amazing reign in history, has done more to vindicate the principles of royalty than any other monarch of modern times. Prince Albert's love of the Scotch Highlands led to the establishment of Balmoral, and this became the favorite residence of her Majesty as well. Outside of her own family, it is there that her human side has been best brought out, and she has been free to exercise her kindly disposition with the humblest of her subjects, knowing that her love and confidence will never be abused.

At Windsor Castle, Victoria can never forget that she is a mighty sovereign. In spite of the successful arrangement of the Queen's apartments, the great pile can never be a home. The Queen herself does not know it thoroughly, and might easily get lost among its more than seven hun-

dred separate apartments, whose illustrated inventory fills sixty large volumes. The castle was a veritable treasure-mine to Prince Albert, who made himself familiar with its ramifications, but since his death there is no one who knows much about it except Lord Lorne, the present governor and constable; and Inspector Collman,

to whom the knowledge is a matter of duty.

There is no more interesting apartment within the walls than the private dining-room, a plain room, light and cheerful, overlooking the quadrangle where, in summer, the band plays during dinner. About a round table are seated the royal family and their intimate friends. Over the fireplace hangs Angeli's well-known painting of the Queen, her favorite portrait. Her Majesty sits

with her back to this, where she can see the charming portraits of her four daughters-in-law, reproduced here.

There is no formality at these meals, and a nervous guest soon finds himself feeling at ease under the ready tact of the hostess. One day many years ago a peer dining with the royal family was challenged by



Copyright by Arthur H. Beavan.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

one of the young people to take wine with her. This was something his Lordship never did, and he politely refused. His tormentor turned to the Queen and said, "Please, your Majesty, here is Lord —, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Smiling graciously, the hostess replied simply, "There is no compulsion at my table."

The Queen has been truly blessed in her children, all of whom have been immeasurable gainers by her admirable training and example.

At the age of three, the Princess Royal—according to her father's letter to Baron Stockmar—could speak "English and French with great fluency and in choice phrases." She was always ready with some witty, if not very appropriate, observation.

At Osborne, each of the Queen's children had a garden of his or her own, which the child was to maintain in a proper state of cultivation. A taste for gardening was implanted in their young minds by the Prince Consort, who was never so happy as when, in the retirement of the Isle of Wight, he could direct the garden work and superintend the farm.

Victoria herself, as a child, had been accustomed to the healthful occupation of

gardening; and one day at Osborne she stopped to watch her eldest daughter, who, with a pair of new kid gloves on her hands, was busily using her scissors among the plants and flowers. "When I was a child," remarked the Queen, "I always did my gardening in old gloves." "Yes," replied her daughter, "but *you* were not

born Princess Royal of England!"

To-day the little Princess is the Empress Frederick of Germany. The untimely death of her noble husband removed her from public life before she could receive the crown, and her days are quietly spent, except for short visits to Berlin, upon her estate at Kronberg, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

The Prince of Wales has always led a life of great publicity, and this means good hard work; but he is never so happy as when entertaining a shooting party on his own

estate in Norfolk. The Sandringham preserves are the best-managed in the kingdom. Their natural adaptability for the rearing of game has been much developed since the Prince came into possession. Few better districts in England could have been selected for a royal shooting-box. It looks a gameful country. Long years ago its wastes harbored the great bustard; its

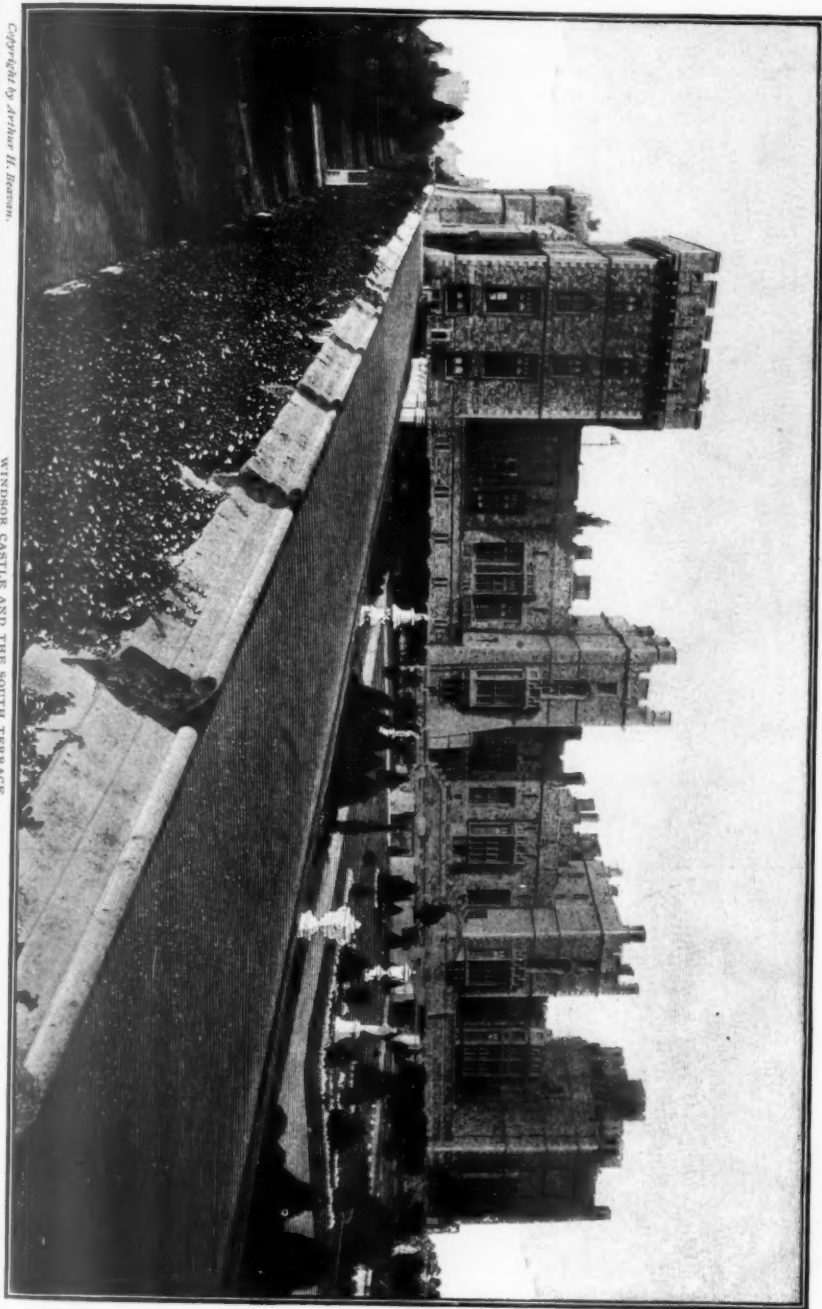


Copyright by Arthur H. Bevan.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

Copyright by Arthur H. Heman.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND THE SOUTH TERRACE.



meres and marshes, vast flocks of wild fowl; and when the bitterly cold wind blew strong from the north across the Wash it bore with it cries of wild geese and swans as they settled down at some lonely and sheltered spot on the coast. In all Europe there is but one game-room or larder larger than the Prince's, and that is on the late Baron Hirsch's estate in Hungary, its capacity being nine thousand head. That at Sandringham holds six thousand head, and was built in 1869 on thoroughly scientific principles. Octagonal

household, and she was always listened to with considerable deference by her brothers and sisters. Once, at Osborne, as they were all busily engaged in their garden-patches, one of them dug up some turnips with the object of sending them to the family table. Closely adhering to a fine sample of these roots was a large specimen of the *Annilida*, or common earthworm. A consultation was at once held as to the advisability of placing this turnip in the basket with the others. Little Princess Alice, however, with a gentle air



THE SCHOOLROOM AT CLAREMONT.

in shape, after a few days' shooting, when it is full, it presents a most interesting appearance—four thousand pheasants occupying the place of honor, with, perhaps, some golden specimens amongst them, shot by mistake; comparatively few partridges and hares; innumerable rabbits; a choice collection of woodcock, and here and there, in bitter weather, some wild geese and wood-pigeons.

In her father's opinion the Princess Alice was the "beauty of the family." From babyhood she was the favorite in the royal

of assurance settled the question by saying, "Oh, let it pass; it's such a beauty, and mamma will be none the wiser when she has eaten it."

This royal woman's history is too well known to need retelling. The love of her dead child cost her her life, and she died on the 14th of December, 1878, of diphtheria, resulting from a cold contracted at the tomb of the little Princess Mary, who had just died of the same disease. Her brothers and sisters were eager to show their love for the favorite sister, and Sir



Copyright by Arthur H. Benson.

THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

Edgar Boehm was given a commission for a recumbent cenotaph. This beautiful memorial has never been placed in situ. Duke Louis of Hesse would not permit the body of his beloved wife to be placed underground, and to-day her coffin rests beside his in the mausoleum at Darmstadt.

Thus sleeps Princess Alice, the only one of the Queen's children who has died and been buried out of England—a princess the record of whose beautiful but sorrowful life is worth a thousand sermons.

At the age of fourteen Prince Alfred decided to enter the navy. He began as a cadet, and continued in the service until his marriage in 1873, to the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II. He was then the Duke of Edinburgh, but to-day he is counted among the rulers of Europe, claiming precedence for the time being over the Prince of Wales. Several years ago, Duke Ernest II. of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, perhaps better known as a composer of grand opera than as a ruler of men, died, and Prince Alfred left progressive England to assume this uncle's title and office. He makes his home in quaint, medieval Gotha, where even wild birds frequent the streets, protected by a city ordinance which imposes a fine upon the owner of any cat that strays beyond its doorstep.

The Duke and Duchess lead essentially domestic lives. The Duchess makes no parade of philanthropic work, but her unobtrusive goodness to the poor has greatly endeared her to her new subjects. The Duke is a man of artistic taste, a collector of rare glass and antique gold and silver. In manner he is proverbially genial and pleasant, and especially gracious to those inferior in social position.

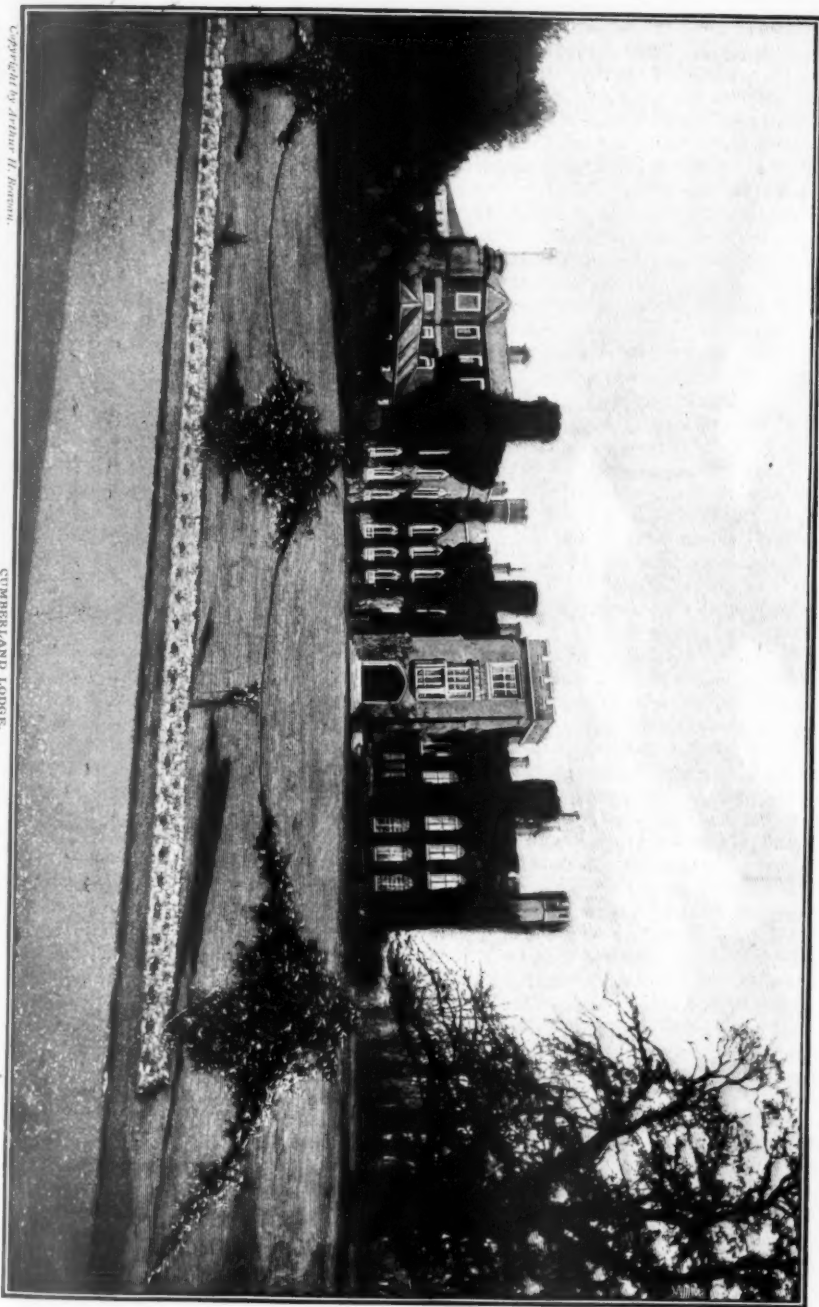


Copyright by Arthur H. Rowan.
THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

The Princess Christian has made her home since her marriage in the near vicinity of Windsor Castle, either at Frogmore or at Cumberland Lodge. Both these places are charming and homelike residences. The former is strongly reminiscent of Queen Charlotte, who bought the property and took great pride in the house and its pleasure-grounds. It is a favorite retreat of Queen Victoria when in residence at Windsor, for it is a delightfully secluded and peaceful

spot, and, to her Majesty, full of memories of the past.

As a business woman Princess Christian is remarkable. She has a clear head, and once approving of a project never vacillates but brings to bear at once all her powers to carry it through. The vicinity of Windsor has much to show for her enterprise and powers of organization. There exist a well-



Copyright by Arthur H. Brown.

CUMBERLAND LODGE.

conducted Crèche, and a Nurses' Home, founded by her Royal Highness. One of her pet charities is a society that provides the children of the very poor with hot meals twice a week during the winter. At these veritable feasts the Princess does not consider it beneath her dignity to help in serving the free dinners.

For many years the Princess Louise was the least known of her Majesty's children, so absorbed was she in artistic pursuits. The appointment of her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, as Governor-General of Canada brought her into public life at last. To the Canadians belongs the honor of knowing this charming woman best of all. While living among them, she worked with great zeal for their good along the lines for which she was best fitted by education and temperament. The cause of art and education in Canada owes a great deal to the Princess Louise.

If the Queen has a partiality for any of her sons, it is safe to assume that the Duke of Connaught is the object of her special regard. He is possessed of a remarkably winning manner and disposition, and his home-life at Aldershot, where he settled after his marriage with Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, is more simple and unpretentious than that of any other member of his family. Charming, indeed, is the atmosphere of Government House, where love and affection reign supreme, and are never stifled by the restraints of formality. The absolute simplicity of manner of the Duke's children is a matter always noticed by those that come in contact with them. On one occasion Princess Margaret of Connaught was heard to say to a youthful guest: "Do you know my grandmother? I am going to-morrow to stay with her at Windsor, and she is going to have company from London, and some theatricals. I mean to get round grannie to let me sit up to see them. I always have to go to bed." And the amused listener took pains to learn that the little maiden was successful in "getting round grannie."

The marriage of Leopold, Duke of Albany, to Princess Helena of Waldeck, brought into the royal circle another woman destined to be more than usually

loved by her adopted countrymen. This unfortunate prince, who would so gladly have exchanged his station for the health of one of his subjects, enjoyed a brief happiness in his marriage. "I am too much in love to think of anything else," he wrote soon after the wedding to an intimate friend, to explain a failure to keep an engagement.

The Queen selected Claremont as a home for the young couple; she wanted to be near her delicate son when at Windsor or in London. She is much attached to this house. It was her home when she was a child, and she often returned with Prince Albert and her children to enjoy brief intervals of rest. And yet it has some tragic memories. A large room on the ground, now used as a schoolroom, is the death-chamber of Princess Charlotte, whose married life was quite as happy as, but even briefer than, the last royal occupant's.

The Duchess of Albany, in two years a widow, is essentially a favorite with the British public. She is often called "little"—a term of endearment, for she is quite five feet three in height, and is not slim of figure.

Princess Beatrice was for so long her mother's constant companion, and became so necessary to her existence, that upon the Princess's marriage with Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Queen stipulated that the couple must reside permanently in England in her close proximity. After the quiet wedding at Whippingham—probably the only instance of the marriage of a sovereign's daughter in a parish church—they made their home at Windsor.

The death of Prince Henry has thrown mother and daughter together again—more closely, perhaps, than ever before—and the British public has, in the lives of these two women, an example of devotion that will do untold good.

In the private lives of the Queen and her children lies the keynote of their popularity.

They have sought the love and respect of their people, and not the glory of martial or political achievement, which makes enemies as well as friends. Never in any way have they attempted to interfere with the government.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW BATTERIES AT CADIZ.

A DANGEROUS MISSION TO SPAIN.

By *—————*—————.

II.—(Conclusion.)

ON the last day of my first stay in Madrid, I visited the glorious Prado Museum once more, as well as the Ministry and the Museum of Marine, and the Senate, the last in company with General Weyler, who is a member of that assembly.

At the station that evening I found my traveling companions, Colonel Escibano and Lieutenant Weyler, with other gentlemen, conversing with General Weyler, who, in spite of a temperature of 104° in the shade, wore an immaculate silk hat. The inside of our sleeping-car was at least ten degrees hotter than that, as the windows were hermetically closed *to keep out the heat*.

In Barcelona, a bright, interesting town (the Catalans are called the Yankees of Spain), my real work began. The Colonel started immediately for the mountains, but young Weyler lived at the Palace as the

guest of the Captain-General, an imposing individual who was good enough to give me a great deal of information, which considerably facilitated my subsequent explorations. In my room at the Grand Hotel that morning I once more went through my luggage, examining each paper and piece of wearing apparel to see that every vestige of my real individuality and true mission was obliterated. Everything, my luggage, my handkerchiefs, my underwear, and even my shoes, was marked with the initials "W. K." Every note in my diary was written in abbreviated German, my camera and field-glass were of German make, and I had pasted German labels on my English film-rolls.

The battery at Barceloneta was an old one, but proceeding along the seaboard eastward I discovered two more, one under

construction and the second, several miles eastward of the town and less than two hundred yards from the water's edge, just completed. The latter was called La Bota, from a chateau lying at its back, and mounted three large rifles, defended by earth, backed with very solid masonry. In case of an attack the gunners would, as in Cartagena, be further protected by nearly smothering the guns in sand-bags. As a gang of workmen were putting the finishing touches to the works under the direction of a captain of engineers, I sat down behind one of the countless hillocks of loose white sand that covered the beach and waited for the bells of noon, which, as I had hoped, gave the signal for the departure of the workmen. Five minutes later, but a single sentry presided over the battery, although within pistol-shot, at the chateau, his comrades were taking their noon meal. The sentry paced slowly round the whole battery, occasionally varying this programme by mounting one of the bastions and scanning the vicinity. While he was rounding the western end, I sprinted for the eastern, and then walked around the work, keeping it between me and the sentry. Suddenly, however, as I was eagerly taking in the number, construction, caliber and position of the cannon, a rough voice hailed me from the top of the work,

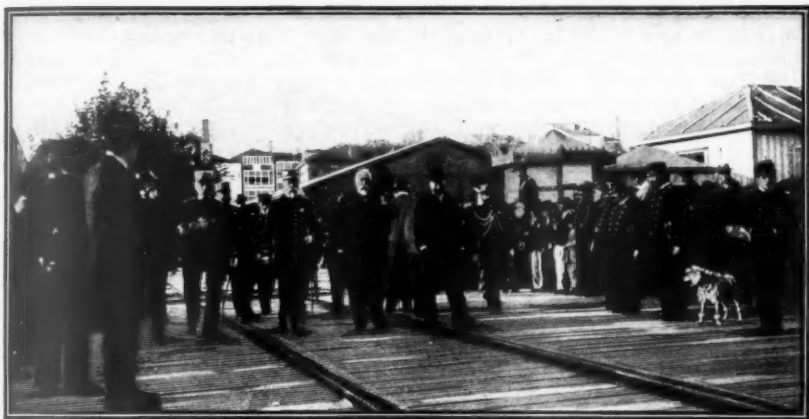
its owner having ascended, for a change, from the other side, his light-brown working uniform preventing my noticing his arrival on the summit.

"What are you about down there?" he shouted. "Stay there till I come down!" He turned and disappeared, but I concluded not to accept his kind invitation to an interview, the less so as I was already in possession of all the information I cared for. It grieves me, therefore, to be obliged to record that the American army turned tail and ran as fast as the loose sand would allow, toward an extensive wood lying to the east of La Bota, and when, a minute later, the sentry appeared round the western corner, the fugitive was a couple of hundred yards away, and making good time.

"Stop there! Come back here!" he yelled, but to this command I naturally paid as little attention as to the first; and a second later I heard the crack of his Mauser and the simultaneous whistle of its ball over my head—how far above I was not sure, and I do not know now whether he fired to hit, or merely to frighten me and to alarm his companions. At all events, several of the latter came running out of the chateau, and upon the sentry's pointing and running in my direction, three of them started, without their rifles, to



BARCELONA HARBOR, WITH MONTJUICH IN THE DISTANCE.



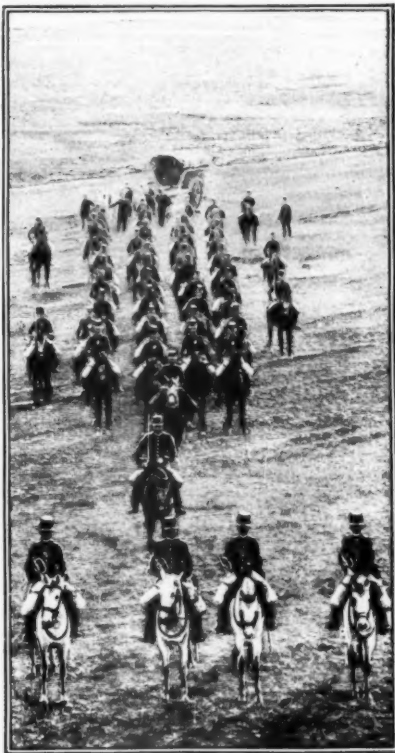
MARSHAL BLANCO LEAVING CORUNNA FOR HAVANA.

head me off from the woods. Again the sentry fired, but I was still farther away by this time, and zigzagging from sand-hill to sand-hill with little else than my head exposed. The Spanish tactics were bad. The sentry should have betaken himself to the top of the battery, whence my whole person could have been covered.

One of my pursuers, rightly judging that my object was to gain the shelter of the wood, ran straight in that direction to head me off, and nearly succeeded in doing so. Indeed, he might have caught up with me, as he was nearer the wood than myself, had I not paused an instant to cover him with my revolver, a movement which caused him to stop in his tracks, and before he had recovered himself I was well among the trees and out of sight of the gallant defenders of the Bota battery forever. I kept on at a dog-trot for a half-hour, and then for a long time at a sharp walk until I arrived at the small town of San Martin, where I mixed with a crowd of country people celebrating the corn harvest, and refreshed myself with some capital cheese and a quart of dark-red Catalonian land-wine. After resting about an hour, I returned to Barcelona by an inland route, and, considering discretion to be the better part of valor, left with the early train the next morning for Tarragona, where I arrived in the evening after a very hot and disagreeable journey.

My hotel in Tarragona was a third-class establishment, where, as is general

in Spain, doors and windows are kept hermetically sealed during the daytime. I was shown into a room where the



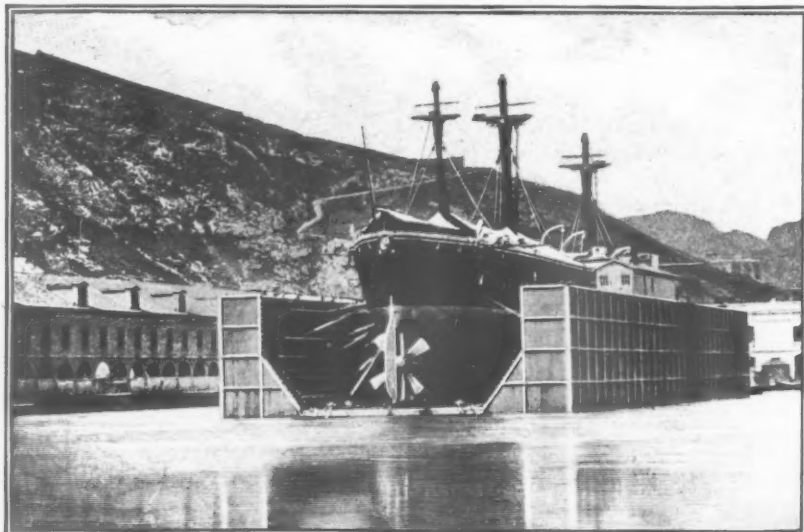
SPANISH CAVALRY ON THE BEACH.

air was so bad that I had to open the window and stand in it for five minutes to recover.

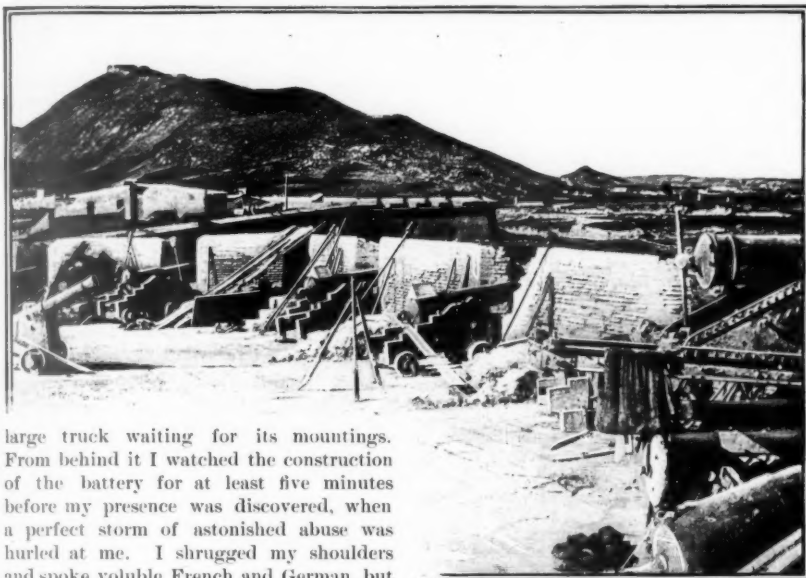
The next day was a "scorcher," but nevertheless I put a girdle around the city, and eventually discovered that what an officer in Barcelona had told me was strictly true, namely, that absolutely no provision had been made for the defense of the town, except the ordering there of a battalion of infantry. The fine inclosed harbor offers an excellent base of operations for an attack upon Barcelona.

The beautiful city of Valencia was my next stopping-place, and I found it, like Tarragona and in fact all the southern coast cities except Barcelona and Cartagena, to be defenseless save for its garrison. From Valencia I proceeded to Alicante, and then, by way of Murcia, one of the hottest places on earth in summer, to Spain's most formidable stronghold, the city and harbor of Cartagena, where, in the event of an American descent upon the Spanish coast, Admiral Camara would undoubtedly have shut himself up; and there can be no manner of doubt that he would have been perfectly safe, for both nature and science have done their best to render Cartagena absolutely impregnable to any fleet without the coöperation of a land force.

I explored the Cartagena defenses by land expeditions on each side of the harbor, and by a number of boating parties with a bright young fruit-vender, named Sande, in whose little boat we rowed up and down and round the harbor and bay studying the different defenses through my binocular. Sande appeared to enter into the spirit of the exploration, and seemed very much flattered that the "German professor" should interest himself to such an extent in the defenses of his native town. Fortunately, he had served in the navy and was able to give me a good deal of the kind of information I desired. On land my plan was to walk into everything I could, stopping only when forced to by the challenge of the sentry. At Barcelona, Cadiz and Ferrol I was able to get into the fortifications with officers themselves, but at Cartagena I had no such entrée, as the military authorities were particularly careful on account of rumors of American spies that were afloat at the time. Nevertheless, I saw all I wanted to, and was fortunate enough to get into the principal battery of the place, the new one on the Trinca-Botijas point, where I sidled up to an enormous cannon, which the practised eye at once recognized as a Krupp, lying on a



THE "NUMANCIA" IN DRY-DOCK AT CARTAGENA.



THE MATA BATTERY AT CARTAGENA.

large truck waiting for its mountings. From behind it I watched the construction of the battery for at least five minutes before my presence was discovered, when a perfect storm of astonished abuse was hurled at me. I shrugged my shoulders and spoke voluble French and German, but the officer in charge evidently thought he had to do merely with a common tourist trespasser, and I was taken by the two shoulders by a couple of soldiers and unceremoniously shoved out of the battery.

I was quite content to leave the ancient Carthaginian city, parts of which, including my hotel, had evidently not been cleaned since the time of Hasdrubal; and, in order to avoid the tedious detours necessitated by the Spanish railways, I allowed myself to be seduced into taking passage in a coasting steamer for Malaga, stopping a day at Almeria. This vessel, the "Ciervana," which was described by the placards as a "magnifico vapor," carried on this journey so many first-class passengers that the little cabin was overcrowded, and those who could not be accommodated with beds slept on the floor about the table. The sanitary arrangements were in a condition found only in the country of the proud and chivalrous Spaniard, and the cabin and staterooms were permeated with a stench that kept even an old sailor on the verge of nausea. The bedclothes given me could not possibly have been washed for a year, and as they were covered with claret stains, I judge that they had first been used as tablecloths and

afterward degraded to their present service. It is unnecessary to record that I did not sleep on the first or the second night, and as I was obliged to run about all day in the sun with the temperature at 100° in the shade, my condition upon arriving at Malaga may be imagined. That beautifully situated town presenting no interest for the military-minded, being quite undefended, I made the best of my way to Gibraltar by a railway which, being run by an English company, is the finest in Spain. What a thrill it gave me to see all at once the towering rock of Gibraltar rise from the horizon as I approached Algeciras. I came very near embracing the red-coated soldier who relieved me temporarily of my revolver, at the landing station, and I took off my hat to the union-jack and gave a hurrah that caused my fellow-passengers to doubt my sanity.

Think of it, a clean English hotel, soft beds, good eating, and—actually a *bath*. I walked about in paradise, with a broad grin on my face, and possessed by an inordinate desire to talk English, which I had not heard or spoken since crossing the French frontier. My first duty in Gibraltar was to visit our Consul,

dear old Mr. Sprague, who has shown hospitality to so many generations of his traveling countrymen, and who watched from the Rock to such good purpose during the late war. I poured my tale of woe into his sympathetic ears, and then proceeded to set the telegraphic and cable wires in motion, laden with cipher messages. There was considerable danger in this, for it was thought that the telegraph employees were in Spanish pay. There was no help for it, however, and fortunately the dark forebodings that I should be arrested the moment I reentered Spanish territory proved to be without foundation.

The limits of this paper will, however, not permit me to tarry by the way, and so let us on again into the enemy's country. On my return to Algeciras my luggage was very carefully examined, and I began to

think that, of a truth, I had been betrayed; but the official found only one suspicious object, an unopened box of pistol cartridges, for which he could, however, discover no pistol, as it rested quietly in my hip pocket. Fortunately there was no searching of persons, and eventually the box of cartridges was contemptuously thrown back into my trunk. I hurried on to Cadiz by way of Cordova and Seville, and arrived just in time for table d'hôte at the "Hotel de Paris." Hardly had I taken my place at table when a pleasant-looking gentleman approached me and inquired whether my name was K. Wondering whether, after all, the predicted arrest was about to take place, I replied that such indeed was my name. My new friend's intentions proved, however, to be infinitely more benevolent, for while on a visit to Berlin the year before he had been well received by the German medical men, and had been the recipient of certain favors at the hands of Dr. K., the assistant of Professor von Bergmann, although he had never met this gentleman personally. Upon discovering that I was not the Dr. K. in question, Dr. Aguilar, for such proved to be his name, insisted that he considered it his duty to make my stay in Cadiz as pleasant as possible, and he immediately had the privileges of the Casino Gaditano conferred on me, and was instrumental in getting me the entrée of the Officers' Club.

I sat among several officers of Camara's fleet at meals in the hotel, and was informed that the celebrated feats of the adventurer who claimed to have been Camara's guest aboard his flagship were entirely apocryphal. What he failed to do, however, I did by the aid of my letter to the provincial governors and General Weyler's recommendations. I saw things not even shown to subaltern officers in San Sebastian and other works. What harm in proving to an innocent German doctor, a specialist in mental diseases, that the city feared no attack from the Yankee squadron? Nevertheless there was a most unmistakable panic in the city when the coming of Watson was first announced, no fewer than ten thousand tickets being sold at the railway station in one week, while apartments and villas in the vicinity were at a premium.

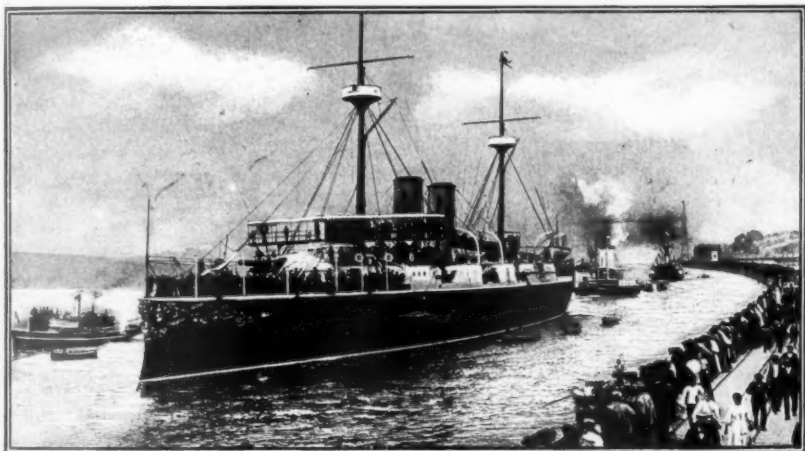
I was destined to undergo a much more



ANDALUSIAN GIPSIES.

severe trial of my sang froid and nerves the day before I left Cadiz. I was very anxious to get a snap-shot at one of the new batteries, which I knew had been erected since the last plan of the town for the Americans had been drawn. With my little camera in my pocket, I pursued my usual plan, and, upon getting within fair shot of the battery, let fly, but unfortunately was caught in the act by a municipal guard who came up behind me. This time there was no retreat, for he immediately called two of the soldiers who were seated at the entrance of the arsenal opposite the battery, and in five minutes I found myself inside the guardroom of the arsenal itself, where I was obliged to

I had acted not only unwisely, but even wrongly, in photographing the fortifications, but I scouted the idea of wanting the pictures for any reason other than to keep as souvenirs of my journey, and exhibited my passport as a proof of the harmlessness of my personality. The captain shrugged his shoulders and remarked with a contemptuous air that he had heard that kind of thing before, and that it was impossible for him to take any steps until the arrival of his colonel. He then ordered the sergeant to place handcuffs on my wrists, against which humiliation I protested violently, but, of course, to no avail, and I was thrust into a smaller room, a dirty hole where the temperature was as high as the odor.



THE "OQUENDO" LEAVING BILBAO FOR CUBAN WATERS.

witness the contents of my pockets extracted and laid out upon the table for the inspection of the officer in charge. The situation looked bad. I was a foreigner caught in the very act of photographing the fortifications. It was known that at least one secret agent had been in Cadiz, and the presence of several others was more than suspected. The Duke de Najera, the military governor, had sworn to make a terrible example of the first spy he could lay his hands on. No hopes were aroused by the behavior of the first officer, a captain, who, after half an hour's wait, entered the room and made a preliminary examination of myself and my papers. I was properly contrite, and acknowledged that

I remained in my suffocating prison-room for the best part of five hours, until the Colonel in charge turned up, when I was fetched out and examined again. This time I thought it wise to change my tactics, and started into an indignant harangue in French, which the Colonel fortunately understood, to the effect that I had already explained the act for which I was arrested, and that I had not even been given the opportunity to fetch documents which would prove that I was not only not what I was suspected to be, but, on the contrary, an intimate friend of some of the most distinguished Spaniards living. The Colonel gave me an incredulous look, but consented to send an officer, to whom I gave the key

of my trunk, at the "Hotel de Paris," for the purpose of fetching the papers I desired to show. There was, of course, a good deal of risk in producing these, for, did the Colonel happen perchance to be an opponent of the Weyler faction, my likelihood of release might have been less than before. Fortunately, however, the contrary was the case, and I soon found that the private letters and photographs of General Weyler had even more effect upon my captor than the official letter of introduction to the provincial governors. In spite of all this, the Colonel said that the exigencies of the time were such that he should be obliged

missed me with a mild warning to keep away from Spanish batteries for the future.

Vigo, Corunna, Ferrol and Santander were then visited in succession, and my tour came to an end at Bilbao. At Corunna it was necessary to hire a large sail-boat in order to visit the magnificent, strongly fortified harbor and arsenal of Ferrol, which I explored to my heart's content.

At Portugalete (Bilbao) I had my last thrilling adventure. It was while getting a line on a new fort on the top of a lofty hill. A too sharp-eyed sentinel discovered me as I was examining the work through my binocular, and gave chase, as his comrades-



BATHING BEACH AT PORTUGALETE.

to continue my arrest until the genuineness of my passport should be proved, and while the Consul was being consulted he would dine, and return about two hours later. This decision opened a vista of new dangers, for I had my reasons for not wishing this passport to be subjected to an all too scrupulous inspection. But my fears again turned out to be groundless. The Consul pronounced my passport to be genuine in every respect, whereupon the Colonel offered me his hand, expressed the hope that I would overlook his apparent severity under the circumstances, and dis-

in-arms had done at Barcelona. This time the course lay, not through deep sand, but down a rough slope at an angle of forty degrees, and I cannot remember ever making better time. The Spaniard was simply distanced, and never had even a good chance to shoot.

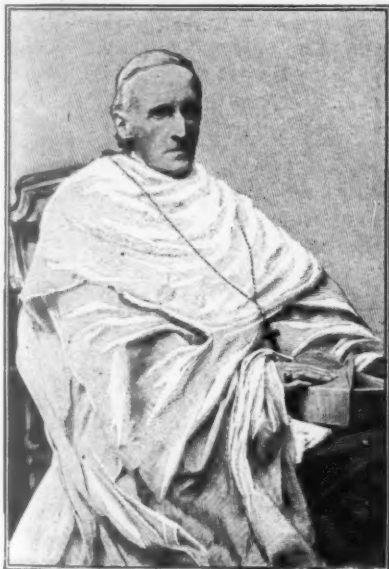
This was the last. At Vigo I made the discovery that the authorities had been apprised of my coming and asked to watch me, and it was evidently high time to get back to more hospitable shores, especially as my series of plans was complete, and the protocol was about to be signed.



THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS IN HISTORY.

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

THE average layman knows but little about Cardinals. When he thinks of them, he has vague visions of proud priests in purple vestments and red hats. If he is a theater-goer, he may connect them in his mind with stage villains ordering hapless Jewesses to be boiled as heretics. He knows, of course, in a dim way, that, next to the Pontiff (Vicar of Christ Jesus, Bishop of Rome, Successor to the Prince of the Apostles, Patriarch of the Occident, and so on), the Cardinals stand highest in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Perhaps he has heard, or read, that they elect the Popes. Beyond that he knows little. And yet, at moments like the present, when Catholics are dreading the arrival of sad news from Rome, Cardinals are worth studying. The choice of the supreme spiritual ruler of two hundred million souls is surely of vast interest to the world. On the decision of the Cardinals who will before long be called to the next Conclave, may hang the



CARDINAL MANNING.



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

destiny of races, kings and nations. One of those Cardinals will be anointed Pope; speaking thenceforth as one inspired of faith and morals; equal, in matters temporal, to Czars and Emperors; himself, by the consent of foes and friends, both Pope and King.

What are the Cardinals? Who invented them? What do their titles mean?

Students have dug deep into church histories without finding authoritative answers to these questions. The word "cardinal" was probably derived from the Latin *cardo*—signifying "a hinge." Pope Anacletus, who lived at the beginning of the second century, applied the term to his own church, referring to it as the "hinge" of all the churches. So far, however, as can be gathered, it was not until the pontificate of the First Damasus, in the fourth century, that the title came into general use.

A charter, carefully preserved in a church at Arezzo, has the following indorsement:

"I, John, Cardinal-Deacon of the Holy Roman Church, on behalf of Pope Damasus do praise and confirm the grant."

In the archives of Santa Maria in Trastevere, the solemn and beautiful old fane of

which our own Cardinal Gibbons is titular curate (or, in Protestant phraseology, incumbent), are parchments dating back as far as the fifth century which make frequent mention of "Cardinals." But, until comparatively modern times, the title was not used in the sense now attached to it, and seems merely to have designated priests or deacons "*cardinis*"—i. e., of the church. A thousand or so years since, a

Cardinal was only a cleric who had been appointed to some church. Later, the title was given to clerics assigned to certain important churches or cathedrals. As recently as the time of the beneficent Gregory, who once entertained an angel, Cardinals, as Cardinals, were regarded as the inferiors of Bishops. That was in the days when the election of the Popes was left to the Emperors, or to the clergy and the people. When the Cardinals were invested exclusively

with the electoral privilege, naturally and logically they took precedence of all other Catholic dignitaries—saving and excepting only the Pope. Yet, individually, they have not necessarily more actual power than Bishops. Collectively, in their corporate character, as the Sacred College, they have great prerogatives, helping the Pope to rule the Catholic church, and during the vacancy

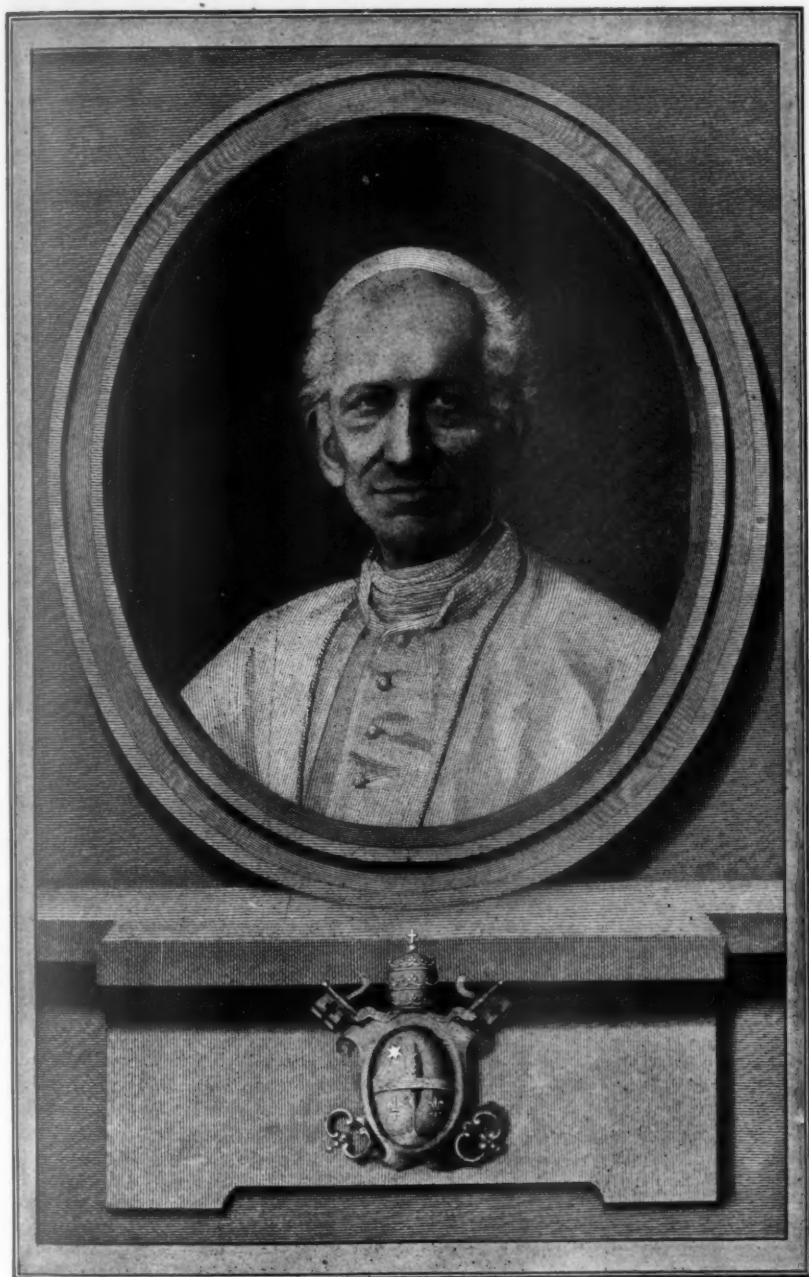
of the Apostolic See supplying his place till they have appointed his successor. And even during a pontifical interregnum their power is bounded by the traditional "*sede vacante, nihil innovetur*." They are not permitted to make changes in the laws by which the church is ruled, and, having acquitted themselves of their duty by electing a Pope from their own body, thereby lose their executive significance.

For the past three hundred and three years the Sacred College (as the College of Cardinals is commonly called) has been restricted to seventy members. Before this, at different periods, the number had varied from twenty-four to seventy-six. According to some authorities (among them Pope Eugene IV.), the Cardinalate was foreshadowed in the Seventy Ancients of Israel who assisted Moses in his arduous task of governing the chosen race.



CARDINAL BARONIS.

The Sacred College, as it has been constituted since the day of Pope Sixtus V., is divided into Cardinal-Bishops (the six dignitaries assigned to the suburbicary Roman churches of Ostia, Porto, Frascati, Sabina, Palestrina and Albano); Cardinal-Priests, of whom there are fifty; and fourteen Cardinal-Deacons. They rank in the order named. Cardinal Gibbons belongs to the second of



POPE LEO XIII.

these groups. The distinction between the different orders in the College is, however, almost nominal, except as regards the right to the dignity of Dean (now always enjoyed by the titular of Ostia), and certain other prerogatives, chiefly connected with the internal economy of the Conclave (the assembly which elects the Pope). By a courtesy generally extended abroad, all Cardinals take rank as Princes. Even in Protestant England they have been allowed (though they have seldom insisted on their somewhat shadowy prerogative) precedence at state functions over all but the Princes and Princesses of the blood royal. The revenues officially accruing to them, it should be mentioned, are far from commensurate with their exalted dignities. Their yearly salaries (about four thousand dollars) are barely sufficient to allow them to keep up a most modest establishment and meet the daily demands on their purses for charities. Cardinal

Manning was virtually penniless when he died. And as the writer, who has had opportunities of consorting with the poor Princes of the Church in many lands, can vouch, many possible Popes live in the most simple, not to say penurious, fashion.

In addition to their other privileges, Cardinals are allowed that of being styled "Eminences." The chief outward and visible signs of their eminent dignity are their scarlet robes and hats, of which there are several. When a new Eminence is notified of his elevation to the Cardinalate, the first of these symbolical head coverings (the square red hat, or rather cap, known as the "biretta") is solemnly conveyed to him by a papal messenger, whom it is customary to fee handsomely for his trouble. Within the year following the receipt of this "biretta," the Cardinal-designate is required to proceed to Rome, where, at the second of two imposing functions called Consistories, in the presence of the Papal Court, the ambassadors and envoys accredited to the Vatican, and all the Catholics of importance who may be invited, he is presented by the Pope with a second "hat," the "red hat" proper, a round-topped affair with a broad, curly brim; which (except at the Roman functions commemorative of the Pope's coronation) is worn no more, and hidden away until the Cardinal's funeral. The usual head-gear of a Cardinal in his own house and elsewhere is the scarlet skull-cap called the "zucchetto." When traveling, he affects a broad-brimmed black felt hat trimmed with a scarlet band. The vestments usually worn by a Cardinal at great ecclesiastical and public ceremonies are very imposing, including the cappa magna, a rich scarlet cape of silk or velvet adorned with ermine; a majestic scarlet robe, and scarlet stockings. On ordinary occasions, and when at home, a plain dark robe or cassock, trimmed with scarlet, is commonly worn. As will be seen, scarlet is the distinctive color of Cardinals, as violet is that of the Bishops and the Monsignori. And, like everything else pertaining to the externals of the Roman church, it has a beautiful significance, symbolizing the readiness of its owner to shed his blood, if necessary, for the faith. There have been times when the meaning of the Red Hat was tragically



CARDINAL WISEMAN.



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

borne in upon the minds of the Cardinals.

Seldom, if ever, of late, has the Sacred College been full. Death has a cruel way of emptying the chairs of its members. Since the accession of Pope Leo XIII., just twenty years ago, enough Cardinals have died to fill two Colleges. The speculations so recklessly indulged in with regard to the chances of this or that papabile's succeeding to the throne of St. Peter, are

almost childish in view of the uncertainty as to the composition of the coming Conclave. Leo XIII. has buried many a supposed papabile, and it is quite possible that he will bury many more ere he, too, joins his forerunners.

The Sacred College, as it is now constituted, should, for one reason, be particularly interesting to Americans. It is probably the most democratic institution of the kind that has ever existed. With very few

exceptions, the "Princes" composing it have been chosen by the Pope not, as was once customary, from among the aristocrats of Italy and other countries, but from the ranks of the people and the bourgeoisie. Leo XIII. himself comes of a fairly well-to-do family of gentleman farmers. His intellectual sympathies, as all Americans have had cause to know, are with the plain people, with the democracies, who hold the key to the future sovereignty of the world, rather than

with monarchs and nobles. Talent and piety, rather than wealth and lofty rank, have been the stepping-stones to the Cardinalate under the present Pontificate. There are grands seigneurs in the Sacred College even now, like Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli (who, by the by, is popularly believed to have as good a chance as any one of being the next Pope). But they are rare. And they grow rarer.

The history not only of the Roman church, but of the world also, has been largely made by the wearers of the Red Hat. Among the Cardinals there have been great statesmen, like Richelieu, and Wolsey, and Mazarin; great courtiers like De Retz and De Rohan; great scholars and men of letters, like Newman and Wiseman and Mezzofanti (who is said to have mastered seventy languages); great orators, like Cardinal Bonnechose; great social reformers, like Cardinal Manning; great patriots, like Stephen Langton and Ximenes and Lavigerie; and, alas, great scoundrels—murderers, voluptuaries, traitors and tyrants, who made



CARDINAL XIMENES.

the very name of Rome synonymous with crime and bloodshed.

For good and for evil, Cardinals have been intimately bound up with English history. One of the most famous, and infamous, of the scarlet dignitaries who have played parts in English politics was Henry of Beaufort, who figures in "Henry VI." Shakespeare imputed to him the murder of Humphrey of Gloucester, and he was one of the council which became execrated and execrable in France by sending Joan of

Arc to martyrdom. Among the most conspicuous factors in the sanguinary Wars of the Roses were Cardinal Kemp, who followed the fortunes of the House of Lancaster, and Cardinal Bourchier, who was alternately a partisan of Lancaster and of York. It was Cardinal Kemp who crowned, first Crookback Richard, and then Henry VII. Among the victims of Bluff King Hal's reforming savagery one of the first to perish was Cardinal Fisher, who had dared to deny his sovereign's spiritual su-

premacy. When the Pope sent the red hat to Fisher, Henry VIII. was furious. "The Pope," said he, "may put the hat on the Cardinal's shoulders, for the King will not leave him a head to wear it." Another singularly picturesque figure in the troubled Tudor period was Cardinal Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury, who incensed King Hal by protesting against the divorce of Queen Katherine as unlawful, and against the royal assumption of churchly supremacy as an offense against the Christian faith. His audacity made him hated at



CARDINAL ROHAN.

court and he found it prudent to leave England. He returned, however, soon after the accession to the throne of "Bloody" Mary. His reappearance was effected with great pomp and pageantry.

But of all the English Cardinals, none approached the fame, the splendor or the wealth of Cardinal Wolsey. His name is to this day a household word. He was

immortalized by Shakespeare, and he will ever be remembered as a man of mighty intellect, ruined by vanity, by love of show, and by the ambition "which o'erleaps itself."

"An old man, broken with the storms of state."

While his prosperity endured, he was a very dazzling personage, and had his field



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.



CARDINAL MAZARIN.

of action not been bounded by the shores of Britain, he might have ranked with Richelieu. But, as it is, it is not the statecraft or the power and wit of Wolsey that we treasure in our minds. It is his luxury, his wealth, and his pomp, which even Leicester, at the summit of his favor, hardly touched later on at Kenilworth. The beautiful old palace, Hampton Court,

is the grandest and most marvelous of the monuments which mark the curiously dramatic rise and downfall of the Cardinal. In the days when he was Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Seal, his magnificence threw that of his royal master into insignificance. He maintained nobles, heralds-at-arms, clerks, deans, priests, choristers, gentleman-ushers, yeoman-ushers, stewards,



CARDINAL DUDOIS.

porters, cup-bearers, minstrels, jesters and mummers, by the score and by the hundred. All his retainers wore sumptuous liveries: crimson velvet and chains of gold for the gentleman-ushers and important officials; scarlet cloth, guarded with black velvet, for the lesser servants of his household. Wherever he walked out, he was preceded by two cross-bearers, with great silver crucifixes. In this degenerate nineteenth century of ours, Cardinals are less

magnificent. Yet in Spain, in Hungary and in Austria, the luxury they display is sufficiently wonderful to have aroused the serious anxiety of Pope Leo—whose frugality is by contrast striking. A prominent member of the Sacred College, no less a dignitary than the Pope's Vicar-General, spoke sorrowfully to the writer one evening in Rome of the un-Christian luxury of the Hungarian Cardinals, adding that the persecution with

which they then seemed menaced might be good for them.

Richelieu, the most famous, perhaps, of all the Cardinals in history, left more enduring monuments than his own Palais-Cardinal (now the Palais-Royal) behind him. For many years it was he who virtually ruled France. Nominally Prime Minister to that irresolute sovereign, Louis XIII., he possessed a master-mind which directed French policy, much to the glory and the strengthening of his own country.

Wars, intrigues and rebellions failed to shake his dogged grip upon the state. By his partisans he was worshiped—not, indeed, for his virtues, but for his achievements and his iron will. By his foes—and they were legion—he was abhorred as a harsh, calculating, merciless tyrant. Louis XIII., who was indebted to him for so much, alternately dreaded, admired and disliked him.

When the news of his terrible Minister's death was brought to him, his cool comment was, "A great politician is dead." One of the courtiers, M. de Treville, added, with the approval of many bystanders: "If Richelieu gets to heaven, sire, by my faith, the devil will have allowed himself to be robbed on the road." But when his political triumphs, cruelties, intrigues and crimes shall have been forgotten, Richelieu will be

gratefully remembered for the services he rendered to literature and to the arts in France. He founded the Académie Française, supported and enriched the Sorbonne, and, even amid all the cares of state, found time to be a generous and intelligent patron of the drama.

Mazarin, though in some ways as remarkable a statesman as Richelieu, was less successful and more generally hated—a fact due largely to his Italian origin and to his natural meanness. Thanks to the

ingenious romances of Dumas, the names of Richelieu and Mazarin are almost as familiar to us as those of the celebrities of our country and of England.

Another striking figure in the history of France was Cardinal de Retz, leader of the Fronde, a political party headed by brilliant and unscrupulous men, and women as unscrupulous and brilliant, which gave so much trouble to Maza-



CARDINAL POLE.

rin. He enjoyed the friendship of Mme. de Sévigné, and was a writer of considerable ability. His well-known criticism of Richelieu and Mazarin, though tinged with personal bitterness, may be worth quoting. "Cardinal Richelieu, like an empiric, made use of violent medicines, which, by the struggle they occasioned, made France appear outwardly vigorous, but in the long run, helped to exhaust her. Cardinal Mazarin, a very unskilful physician, know-

ing nothing of her weakness, nor of the chemical secrets by which his predecessor had endeavored to sustain her, weakened her still more."

Of the vainglorious, dashing, eloquent Cardinal de Rohan, who has not read in the more or less fanciful stories of "The Queen's Necklace"? He was in turn the victim of his sovereign's displeasure and the idol of the unstable populace. But, though he monopolized much attention in Europe, he can hardly be classed with the great Cardinals.

In our day, possibly the most remarkable French members of the Sacred College have been Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris during the Commune; and Cardinal Lavigerie, whose restless patriotism and colonizing ambitions have had much to do with the extension of French rule in Africa.

And who needs to be told of those three noble modern English Cardinals—Wiseman, author of "Fabiola" (of whom we were reminded but yesterday by the production of "The Sign of the Cross"); Newman, the modest and high-hearted preacher, writer, thinker and true Christian, in his earlier days the idol of Oxford, later immortal as the author of

the "Apologia," the purest, most simple, most consistent of all converts to the Catholicism of Rome; and Manning, the most practical of idealists, the friend of the proletaire, the arbiter of many bitter conflicts between labor and capital, the student, and the apostle of churchly charity?

Spain can point with pride to at least two eminent Cardinals—Ximenes, the ascetic,

broad-minded and able counselor of Ferdinand and Isabella; and Alberoni, who, in the eighteenth century, dreamed of restoring the Stuarts and for their benefit once planned a new Armada.

America, although young, has already given several distinguished members to the Sacred College. Of the living it is perhaps premature to say more than that the liberal policy which has helped to restore the popularity of the Roman Pontiff in this country



CARDINAL DE RETZ.

has been due in a large measure to the wise counsels and democracy of Cardinal Gibbons. Before him came Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, a man beloved for his piety, his kind deeds, his charity. He may not have been great, in the same sense as such statesmen as Richelieu and Wolsey were. But he was more: he was a good Cardinal.

COLUMBIA!

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

COLUMBIA, on you are fixed the wide world's wondering eyes :
Old nations that are scarred with wars put on a look most wise
And hide with patronizing airs their envy of your power
And offer you their free advice in this great crucial hour.

They do not seem to realize that you are fully grown ;
Yet long ago you let them know you scorned a chaperon,
And when you were a debutante you made the welkin ring
With tales of proud Miss Liberty who dared defy a king.

But ever since you gave your hand to Progress, and became
A chatelaine to all the world, a hostess without blame,
Like carping dames, those ancient lands have watched you in surprise,
Compelled to marvel, loath to praise, and glad to criticise.

Your boundless wealth, your virile youth, your all too generous heart,
The intellect that holds its own whatever be your part,
Your rapid way of doing things, your comprehensive view,
Roused narrow Old to secret strife against a broader New.

Columbia, the whole Old World can never bar your way ;
When prejudice with Progress copes, we know who wins the day.
The banner that you hold aloft is not a tyrant's rag :
Old Glory ever was, and is, and will be Freedom's Flag.

Your faults are but the faults of youth ; your virtues are so great
You do not need the sage advice of lands degenerate.
You may be crude, you may be rash, but yet your heart is right,
And through your clear, benignant eyes there shines a holy light.

Though overzealous oftentimes, and overkind to those
Who only seek your shores for gain, and always are your foes,
Neglectful sometimes of your own who need your wiser care,
Yet, of all virtues of all lands you have the lion's share.

Your battles are not waged in hate, but rather forced by love.
Beside your fierce-eyed eagle sits the soft, persuasive dove.
Your god of war is but Reform in soldierly disguise,
And where your conquering armies pass, the flowers of Progress rise.

March on, march on, Columbia, the splendor of your day
Is but begun ; you know the path, your feet will find the way.
The universal stumbling-block of lands and men is greed :
Walk wide of it, and let Love be your watchword and your creed.



BY MARGARET SHERWOOD PATTERSON.

OF all the accessories of woman's costume, there is not one that is so marked with the charm of femininity as the muff. Through the many changes of shape and size, it has always been a graceful adjunct of the well-dressed woman.



IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIII.—1625.

Painters did not overlook the decorative value of the muff, and through them it is possible to follow its numerous changes. In many sixteenth-century portraits one sees wound around the wrist of a noble dame a piece of rich, soft fur, which was used to cover the neck or to fulfil the functions of a muff. To this is often attached some little fantasy, an animal's head, a skull, perhaps, cleverly wrought and adorned with precious stones, to which a chain may be fastened, to be held in the hand and played with by the

fair owner—"to give a countenance," as the quaint old phrase reads.

Like many another article of dress, the muff was at first the exclusive property of the nobility, but when it appeared in Venice it was carried by courtesans as well as by women of the highest rank. The first Venetian muffs were very small, made of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, the openings fastening with exquisite buttons of gold and silver enriched with precious stones.



THE BIG MUFF OF 1799.

By 1662 the muff seems to have been recognized as a necessary adjunct of the wardrobe of a lady of fashion. In Evelyn's "*Mundus Muliebris*," written at this time, numbers of gowns, "boddices," shoe buckles; of perfumed gloves, "jonquil, tube rose, frangipan, orange, violett, narcissus, jessamin, ambrett, and some of chicken skin for night to keep her hands plump, soft, and white," are enumerated, and also "three muffs, of ermine, sable, gray." It will be noticed that my lady has no black muff. Many years before, Charles IX., "Fidgety Killjoy" as he was called, regulated the costumes of the classes—the bourgeoisie to use black muffs, and only the woman of rank to carry those of various colors.

Since this time, Dame Fashion has introduced her inevitable changes. Sometimes the muff has been long and narrow like a sheath, sometimes large and round like a barrel. In the reign of Louis XIV. it was considered the height of fashion to carry little dogs in muffs made expressly for this



A COSTUME OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY'S.

purpose. These muffs were called "*chiens manchons*," and were advertised in the "*Livres des Adresses*" of 1692 as for sale at "Demoiselle Guérin's, rue du Bac, Paris." It was in this reign also that muffs were carried by some of the effeminate gallants of the court.

In the days of Louis XV. the muff was an object of great beauty. The graceful women who, in sedan-chairs, thronged the walks of Versailles at the visiting hour, invariably carried the dainty article. At this period the fur was always of the richest, and its color gave an added charm to the wearer. But when the time of Huge wigs and "*des Fontanges*" had passed, and with Louis XVI. had come powder, patches and rouge—"the rouge which," according to Séverine's expression, "should descend from the cheeks to the neck"—my Lady Fashion had decreed that muffs should be made of cloth and not of fur. This occasioned great excitement among the furriers, who, it is said, petitioned the Pope,



THE FASHION DURING THE NATIONAL CONVENTION—1795.

asking that any one wearing a cloth muff be excommunicated—which favor was, of course, refused. Other devices to win over the fickle dame were tried in vain, until one student of human nature suggested bribing the headsman to carry a cloth muff on the day of an execution. This plan did not fail—the dainty dames, many of whom later met their deaths by the guillotine bravely, shrank from such association, and the fur muff once more reigned supreme, and played its little part in the lives of the elegant women of that time. It seems to have been carried in warm as well as in cold weather, to balls and to the opera, when driving as well as when walking. This was an



age of great extravagance in dress—and also, we might say, in description of dress, as the following account of a lady's costume will show:

"Her gown was a 'stified sigh,' trimmed with 'superfluous regrets,' with a bow of 'perfect innocence' at the waist, ribbons of 'marked attention,' shoes of queen's hair embroidered in diamonds, with the 'Venez-y-voir' in emeralds, her hair in 'sustained sentiment,' a cap of 'assured conquest,' trimmed with many ribbons, and a muff of 'momentary agitation.' "

At the time of the National Convention in Paris, the muffs were large and flat, fantastic as were all the fashions of that time. In colonial days in America, they were also very large, but round. Tradition tells of the delight taken by one of our great grandmamas in surpassing another in the size of her muff.

Fashions change, but feminine human nature remains the same. In those days the test to find out whether a muff was as large as it should be, was to see if it would go into a flour barrel. Unless much



LATEST STYLES IN MUFFS.



AS WORN IN 1832.

coaxing and squeezing were required, it was undersized, a failure, to be scorned by any self-respecting worshiper at the shrine of fashion.

About 1830, the muffs were principally of chinchilla, of moderate size, and were often used with what would seem to us an



IN THE DAYS OF HENRY III.—1580.

incongruous combination of straw bonnets and thin slippers.

At the beginning of this century, muffs became small again; and now at the end of it, what are they? They are small; they are large; they are of every conceivable shape, of every kind of fur and material; they are embroidered; they are perfumed; they are trimmed with bows, with flowers artificial and natural—the fashion of to-day makes use of every style of dress belonging to the past.



CARRIED BY MEN IN TIME OF LOUIS XIV.—1693.

So much for the muf in woman's costume; there is a little to be said for the muf in the art of love. In an old "Dictionnaire Amoureux," the muf is defined as "a letter-box lined with white satin." Our up-to-date Cupid is too well conducted and straightforward to need such a letter-box, but be sure he uses the American woman's muf—as he does her dainty handkerchiefs, laces and fans—to serve his ends.



WHAT DO I FEAR?

THE way to destroy unreasonable or unnerving fear is to consider it philosophically. Perhaps the best way to consider it for ourselves is to see it as exhibited in others. Therefore the editor of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* has been engaged in asking some well-known men and women the following questions:

1. What do you fear most?
2. Do you fear physical ills?
3. Do you fear supernatural ills?
4. Do you fear ills of the hereafter?
5. Has fear influenced your life at important periods? How? To what extent has it done so? On what occasions?

6. Of what were your fears in childhood? In youth? Of what are they at the present day? How have they changed between youth and the present day? Was what you feared in childhood the result of heredity or of environment? Is your fear to-day the result of heredity or of education?

7. Do you find a marked difference between your fears in robust health and in sickness?

8. Have your fears interfered with your business success?

9. Have your fears marred your character? That is, have they made you less manly and less vigorous than you would have been without fear?

10. Have your fears served any good purpose in the development of your character?

11. Has your fear at any time resulted from those you love?

12. Do you fear for those about you things which have no terror for you yourself?

13. Do your fears include fate, destiny or predestination?

14. Do you fear God in the sense that he is all-exacting or that his punishment will be rigorous?

15. As you have come to understand the organization of the universe, have your fears lessened?

16. Do you think that if you were less educated your fears would be greater?

17. Is your fear of a selfish or ungenerous quality?

18. Has yielding to or triumphing over fear at any crisis of your life strongly affected its subsequent character?

19. As competition becomes greater in the struggle of modern life, do your fears increase?

20. Have your fears at any time paralyzed your energies?

21. As an American, what do you fear most for your country?

22. Concerning your supernatural fears, do you fear a personal devil?

23. To what extent do you fear public opinion?

24. Do you fear poverty?

25. Do you fear death?

26. Does your fear of death increase as you grow older?



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

The first answer was from Mr. William Dean Howells.

In reply to the question, "What do you fear most?" Mr. Howells said:

"I should say that the greatest number of us most fear poverty and death. By poverty I do not mean the loss of more or less wealth, as we always expect to retrieve our fortunes if we lose them; but I mean actual want.

"Young people fear death more than their elders. By the time a man reaches fifty he has got well of many things, and has

become accustomed to the habit of living. I think that as we grow older we fear death less, while our fear of material loss increases.

"Most of us fear sickness, because we dread pain, but more because it may disable us—may unfit us for our work.

"Regarding the effect of fear upon the character: a great pressure of fear might, I think, result in caution; if enduring too long, perhaps in timidity and cowardice.

"It would seem that the fear of the unseen, the supernatural, has decreased in recent years. We no longer believe in supernatural things, in ghosts and haunted houses and the like; all that is dying out. Moreover, spiritualism has familiarized us with some of its manifestations, making it contemptible.

"I think that the thing a young man most fears is public opinion; after that, when the actual struggle of life falls upon him, it is the fear that he may not place himself well—the want of chance.

"Perhaps Americans, as a race, fear being thought mean more than anything else, and being thought different from others.

"You know there are things which we fear for others but which we do not fear for ourselves. We fear these things for others because we believe they may be wanting in the foresight which we suppose we ourselves possess abundantly; that they may be incautious; that they may not think and act as we should think and act in their places.

"Fear does sometimes certainly serve a good end—just as pain does. It may be a restraint. The foolhardy man is not estimable. Neither is yielding to fear a good thing.

"Fear might be called a principle. It must be one of the elemental things. It surely comes before courage; it almost

seems the primary condition of the human soul. Courage is an analogue of all the better things. The weed comes up of itself. The good things must be cultivated.

"The coward, I should say, is simply the primitive man.

"I am inclined to believe that modern life, with its spread of invention and its consequent destruction of the independent artisan as a class, with its essential binding of many together, in subordination to one, has tended to increase rather than to diminish the fear of the morrow.

"A man's means of livelihood nowadays are largely, often entirely, in other men's hands; his opportunity, his tools, indeed

all, are in the control of other men. This must add to his share of the fear of the morrow; the dread and uncertainty on his part are often great.

"Yet I should not care to say that I believe fear to be more prevalent than formerly. No, I believe it is, along certain lines at least, enormously decreased by the safeguards we are learning to put about our lives. At least, the safeguards have multiplied with the dangers which steam and electricity have created."



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It was Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox who put her own and much of the world's philosophy into the words:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

And she strikes the same note when she says that "fear is the only thing to fear.

"Yes, a woman's fears are different from a man's. A man's fears run toward poverty, a woman's toward wrinkles.

"For myself, I fear nothing. I dread some things, especially extreme old age.

"It depends upon the person whether he or she fears most those things which are external, or the condition of one's own mind and will and character.

"No, I do not think fear of the morrow is increasing with new conditions.

"We should combat fear by denying its power to influence us. It never serves any good end. Its influence on the character is disaster always. It may temporarily restrain the criminal from crime, but the man who desires to do wrong will eventually find the way.

"Certainly, fear may be mental or physical or spiritual. A physical coward may be a spiritual hero.

"There are several qualities in men that cause them to inspire fear in those about them. A dominant will and a nature without fear often make the timid afraid. The gentle cower before the aggressive, and an austere moral quality, devoid of compassion, inspires fear in the average fallible human being.

"The quality of fear belongs to the dark and unwholesome side of things. We do not often love those we fear. There is great safety and protection to the individual in fearlessness. It is a spiritual bullet-proof cloth.

"As a child I feared the dark, an earthquake, Indian massacres, strangers, snakes, spiders, a cross word. I still shrink from many of them, without being able to say I still fear them. I think I feared the darkness most. The fear of the supernatural is, I believe, decreasing.

"What do young women fear most upon entering life? Being neglected and left behind. Young men fear failure. Yes, a great many fear what we call fate or destiny.

"As to the educated fearing more, or less, than the illiterate, those educated mentally fear quite as much as the illiterate—if not more. It is the spiritual education which destroys fear.

"Yes, more than any-



MME. JANAUSCHEK.

thing else fear paralyzes the energies.

"What part has fear played in history? It has degraded religion, and retarded man's evolution.

"What do Americans fear most? Poverty. What should the nation fear? The results of greed and monopoly.

"The race should fear nothing. The only thing we may justly fear

is allowing fear to check or cripple our abilities."

"What do I fear most?" Madame Janauschek, the famous tragedienne, thought a moment:

"I think I have more fear of fire than of anything else. In all my travels I have never slept above the first floor in any hotel, because I had such a dread of fire breaking out in the night.

"I fear physical ills, too. I have been free and active; I should not like to be hampered by illness.

"I have no fear of the hereafter. I have done what is just—at least, I have always tried to do so. I have injured no one knowingly, and therefore I have no fear of a future life.

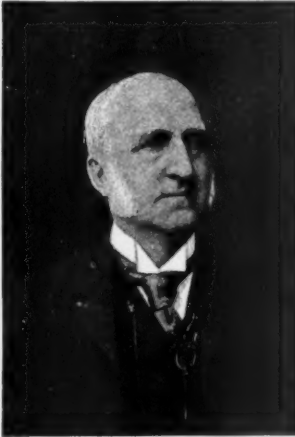
"I was quite fearless as a child. My only fear then was to anger my father—at least, it is the only fear I remember.

"I fear far more for those about me, and for those to whom I am bound by ties of affection, than for myself. I fear many things for them that I do not fear for myself.

"Although I believe in destiny to a certain extent, I cannot say that I fear it.

"I think that my fears have increased as I have grown in knowledge and experience of the world. But I have never feared God in the sense of dreading him.

"I cannot fancy myself as without the education and the acquaintance with



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



RICHARD CROKER.

WHAT DO I FEAR?

life which my career has brought me, so I cannot say if my fears would have been of a different nature had my education been less than it is.

"I believe that fear increases from

year to year as competition and the struggle for opportunity grows fiercer.

"I do not fear public opinion. My only wish is to be judged justly.

"Yes, yes, we all fear poverty and death. My fear of death increases as I grow older.

"But of all things, I am convinced that that which we all fear most, and have most cause to fear, is incompleteness.

"Could we complete our lives and accomplish those undertakings which our ambition had led us to begin or our affections prompted us to assume, I believe that fear would almost disappear from the world. We dread being unable to carry out our hopes for ourselves and for those we love."

"Fear? Fear?" said Chauncey M. Depew.

"There are so many of my fears that I do not know which is the most prominent. I think perhaps the leading one, however, is the dread of not being on time. To be late is to me a most important disaster. I do not think many pictures have impressed me more strongly than the one I saw in my boyhood which depicted the wrath of a man who had reached the railroad station just as the train left it. That was a lesson to me which I have never forgotten.

"The fear of not being on time is not a fact that came with manhood; it is inherent. I can frankly say that I do not know of any existing object, animate or inanimate, that has caused me so much real fear as that question of time. If it became my duty to furnish a motto for the youth of a country, I think I would choose the word 'punctuality.' Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins."

"It's rare," said Richard Croker, "that a man is afraid of the same thing he was afraid of when a boy. I don't know that I remember I was different from other boys when it came to being afraid, but I know that since I have grown out and into life the only thing that has bothered me is that my friends might misunderstand me. About other people I do not care. It is not worth while explaining to those who are not your friends.

"I think it very probable that the one thing we fear is what is not likely to happen. That is my experience. I think people are afraid of intangible more than they are of tangible things. I do not know of any real danger that I fear, because I reason that if it is going to happen to me it will happen, and that is all there is to it."

An answer was also received from Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi.

"Fire is my besetting fear," said Admiral Gherardi. "It is the sailor's horror. No landsman can appreciate what a fire aboard-ship means. As commander and midshipman, knowing in both instances that the ship was being constantly inspected for possible fire, I always wondered if it would happen. In fifty years of sea service, this fear is the one that I most recall.

"Fear is not a frequent visitor to the man who follows the sea. Although he is surrounded by possibilities of accident, dangers that never threaten those who remain on land, he becomes so wonted to them all that they lose their terrors and seem to him as nothing until there occur circumstances which bring him from out his content, and force him to give to the dangers the recognition demanded."



ADMIRAL GHERARDI.

In regard to fear Miss Viola Allen, whose long experience in the theater fits her particularly to speak of the fears of actors, says:

"The great mistake of all our days is the habit of fear; however, that is one thing to believe and another to act upon.

"Almost all children fear the dark, almost all adults fear death; and both, it seems to me, have the same element—that of mystery. The timid child knows only that a mysterious thing, called 'darkness,' shadows over the well-known room; the nursery, so familiar in the sunlight, becomes vague, unknown. He is afraid. The child grown older sees an impenetrable shadow into which he is inevitably journeying. He cannot fathom the mystery of the unfamiliar world; the vagueness and the silence frighten him.

"As far as I can determine my own feelings on death, the greatest dread seems to me to be the sorrow of leaving those whom we love and live for, and those who have lived for and loved us. The fear of not being has less alarm for me than the manner of ceasing to be. A quiet passing into the beyond is not so fearful a thought, by half, as that of a sudden and violent death, from which we pray to be delivered.

"I was not exempt from the common fear of childhood, and yet, as I remember it, the *silence* of night was quite as fearful as the darkness; but I can recall no occasion upon which I was sufficiently terrified by either to retain a lasting impression.

"Fear of failure is, I suppose, a common fear to almost all of us, whether we admit it or not. But how can it be otherwise? Failure or success is, after all, made up

of other people's opinions. Perhaps all persons set too much store upon the world's opinion, but since we cannot live for ourselves alone, we must value the opinion of others. Of actors this is particularly true, and necessarily so, for their work is judged by the public, and with them rests the verdict for failure or success.

"Extreme absence of fear is a splendid thing in the abstract, but more often than not exceedingly disagreeable to meet with. However, there are occasions when I would willingly run the risk of being considered excessively unpleasant, for a fraction

of this same self-confidence—on a first night, for instance, when the ordeal of a new play, new environments and a critical audience, is enough to unnerve the most confident. This is an event where fears paralyze the energies and make the highest excellence impossible. There have been times in my life like this, when I have become distinctly conscious that my fears were marring my efforts, but the very knowledge of it made them doubly difficult to fight down.

"That grand poet whom we all love has somewhere said that 'fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.' Well! he did not have to reckon with newspaper criticism.

"Nevertheless, if we can attain it, freedom from fear is a great thing in all matters of life and business—although, come to think of it, it was rather unfortunate for the small boy who was fearless enough to believe he could fly, and essayed it from a church steeple. At least, he proved Shakespeare's assertion and won a crown, with a harp, too, I hope."



VIOLA ALLEN.

THE MULE.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

"Si je vis, c'est bien; si je meurs, c'est bien."

"**A I-I-IEAH,**" the people cried, as Juan Quereno passed—the cry of the muleteers, in fact. And this was considered an excellent joke. It had been a joke in the country-side for nearly twenty years, one of perhaps half a dozen; for the uneducated mind is slow to comprehend, and slower to forget. Some one had nicknamed Juan Quereno the "Mule" when he was at school, and Spain, like Italy and parts of Provence, is a country where men have two names—the baptismal, and the so-called. Indeed, the custom is so universal that official records must needs take cognizance of it, and grave government papers are made out in the name of so-and-so, "named the Monkey."

There were, after all, worse by-names in the village than the Mule—a willing enough beast if taken the right way, as many know. If taken in the wrong—well, one must not take him in the wrong way, and there is the end of it! A mule will suddenly stop, because, it would appear, he has something on his mind and desires to think it out then and there. And the man who raises a stick is, of course, a fool. Any one knows that. There is nothing for it but to stand and watch his ears, which are a little set back, and cry, "Ai-i-ieah," patiently and respectfully, until the spirit moves him to go on. And then the mule will move on, slowly at first, without enthusiasm—a quality which, by the way, is, of all the animals, to be found in only the horse and the dog.

The quick-witted who had dealings with Quereno knew, therefore, by his name, what manner of man this was, and dealt with him accordingly. Juan Quereno was himself a muleteer, and in even such a humble capacity as scrambling behind a beast of burden over a rocky range of mountains and through a stream or two, a man may make for himself a small reputation in his small world. Juan Quereno was, namely, a government muleteer, and carried the mails over nineteen chaotic

miles of rock and river. When the mails were delayed, owing, it was officially announced, to heavy snow or rain in the mountains, the delay never occurred on Quereno's *étapa*. For nine years, winter and summer, storm and shine, he got his mails through—backward and forward, sleeping one night at San Celoni, the next at Puente de Rey. Such was Juan Quereno, "a stupid enough fellow," the democratic schoolmaster of San Celoni said, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of the cigarette which he always carried, half smoked and unlighted, in his fingers.

The schoolmaster was, nevertheless, pleasant enough when the Mule, clean-shaven and shy, with a shrinking look in his steady black eyes, asked one evening if he could speak with him alone.

"But yes—*amigo!*" he replied; "but yes." And he drew aside on the bench that stands at the schoolhouse door. "Sit down."

The Mule sat down, leaned heavily against the wall, and thrust out first one heavy foot and then the other. Then he sat forward, with his elbows on his knees, and looked at his dusty boots. His face was tanned a deep brown—a stolid face—not indicative of much intelligence perhaps, not spiritual, but not bad on the other hand, which is something in a world that abounds in bad faces. He glanced sideways at the schoolmaster, and moistened his lips with his tongue, openly, after the manner of the people.

"It is about *Caterina*, eh?" inquired the elder man.

"Yes," replied the Mule, with a sort of gasp. If the Mule had ever been afraid in his life, it was at that moment—afraid, if you please, of a little democrat of a schoolmaster no bigger than the first-class boys, blinking through a pair of magnifying spectacles, which must have made the world look very large, if one could judge from the effect that they had upon his eyes.

The schoolmaster looked up toward the

mountains, to the goats poised there upon the broken ground, seeking a scanty herbage in the crannies.

"How many beasts is it that you have—four or five?" he inquired, kindly enough, after a moment, and the Mule drew a deep breath.

"Five," he replied; and added, after a minute's deep and honest thought, "and good ones, except Cristofero Colon, the big one. He eats much, and yet, when the moment comes"—he paused, and looked toward the mountains, which rose like a wall to the south, a wall that the Mule must daily climb—"when the moment comes he will sometimes refuse—especially in an east wind."

The schoolmaster smiled, thinking perhaps of that other Cristofero Colon and the east wind that blew him to immortal fame.

"And Caterina," he asked. "What does she think of it?"

"I don't know."

The schoolmaster looked at his companion with an upward jerk of the head. It was evident that he thought him a dull fellow. But that assuredly was Caterina's affair. It was, on the other hand, distinctly the affair of Caterina's father to remember those five beasts of the Mule's, than which there was none better in the country-side—to recollect that the Mule himself had a good name at his trade, and was trusted by the authorities. There was no match so good in all the valley, and certainly none to compare with this dull swain in the accursed village of San Celoni. The schoolmaster never spoke of the village without a malediction. He had been planted there in his youth with a promise of promotion, and promotion had never come. For a man of education it was exile—no newspapers, no passing travelers at the café. The nearest town was twenty miles away over the Sierra Nevada, and Malaga—the paved paradise of his rural dreams—forty rugged miles to the south. No wonder he was a democrat—this disappointed man. In a republic, now, such as his father had schemed for in the forties—he would have succeeded.

"You don't know?"

"No," answered the Mule, with a dull look of shame at his own faint-heartedness. Moreover, he was assuredly speaking an

untruth. "The man who fears to inquire—knows."

As a matter of fact, he had hardly spoken to Caterina. Conversation was not the Mule's strong point. He had exchanged the usual greetings with her at the fountain on a fiesta day. He had nodded a good-morning to her, gruff and curt (for the Mule had no manners), more times than he could count. And Caterina had met his slow glance with those solemn eyes of hers, and that, so to speak, had settled the Mule's business. Just as it would have settled the business of five out of six men. For Caterina had Moorish eyes—dark, and solemn, and sad, which said a hundred things that Caterina had never thought of—which seemed to have some history in them that could hardly have been Caterina's history, for she was only seventeen. Though as to this, one cannot always be sure. Perhaps the history was all to come. Of course, the Mule knew none of these things. He was a hard-working, open-air Andalusian, and only knew that he wanted Caterina, and, as the saying is, could not live without her. Meantime he lived on from day to day without that which he wanted, and worked—just as the reader may be doing. That, in fact, is life—to live on without something or other, and work. Than which there is one thing worse, namely, to live on and be idle.

"But," said the schoolmaster, slowly, for Andalusian tongues are slow, if the knives are quick, "but one may suppose that you would make her a good husband."

And a sudden gruff laugh was the answer. A woman would have understood it, but Caterina had no mother. And the schoolmaster was thinking of the five beasts and the postal appointment. The muleteer's face slowly sank back into stolidity again. The light that had flashed across it had elevated that dull physiognomy for a moment only.

"Yes," said the Mule slowly, at length.

"You can read and write?" inquired the man of education.

"Yes, but not quickly."

"That," said the schoolmaster, "is a matter of practice. You should read the newspapers." Which was bad advice, for

the Mule was simple and might have believed what he read.

The conversation was a long one. That is to say, it lasted a long time, until, indeed, the sun had set and the mountains had faded from blue to gray, while the far-off snow-peaks reared their shadowy heads into the very stars. The schoolmaster had a few more questions to ask, and the Mule answered them in monosyllables. He was tired, perhaps, after his day's journey; for he had come the northward trip, which was always the hardest, entailing as it did a rocky climb on the sunny side of the mountains. He had nothing to say in his own favor, which is not perhaps such a serious matter as some might suspect. The world does not always take us at our own valuation, which is just as well—for the world.

Indeed, the schoolmaster succeeded only in confirming his own suspicion that this was nothing but a dull fellow, and he finally had to dismiss the Mule, who had not even the *savoir-faire* to perceive when a conversation was ended.

"*Vederemos*," he said, judicially, "we shall see."

And the Mule went away with that heaviness of heart which must surely follow a mean action. For he knew that in applying to Caterina's father he had placed Caterina at a disadvantage. The schoolmaster, be it remembered, was a democrat, and such are usually autocrats in their own homes. He was, moreover, a selfish man, and had long cherished the conviction that he was destined to be great. He thought, namely, that he was an orator, and that gift which is called by those who do not possess it the gift of the gab, is the most dangerous that a man can have. There was no one in San Celoni to listen to him. And if Caterina were married and he were a free man, he could give up the school and go to Malaga, where assuredly he could make a name.

So the schoolmaster told Caterina the next morning that she was to marry the Mule—that the matter was settled. The dusky roses faded from Caterina's cheek for a moment, and her great dark eyes had a hunted look. That look had often come there of late. The priest had noticed it, and one or two old women.

"Almost as if she were in the mountains," they said, which is a local polite way of referring to those unfortunate gentlemen who, for some reason or another, do not desire to meet the Guardia Civil, and haunt the upper slopes of the Sierra Nevada, where they live as live the beasts of the forest, seeking their meat from God, while the charitable, and, it is even whispered, the priest or the *alcalde* himself will at times lay an old coat or a loaf of bread at the roadside above the village, and never inquire who comes to take it.

The Mule himself, it is known, buys more matches than he can ever burn, so much as six boxes at a time, of those cheap sulphurous wooden matches that are made at Barcelona, and the next day will buy more. The Mule, however, is such a silent man that those who are "in the mountains" make no concealment with him, but meet him (wild unkempt figures that appear quietly from behind a great rock) as he passes on his journeys, and ask him if he has a match upon him. They sometimes look at the mail-bags slung across the stubborn back of *Cristofero Colon* with eyes that have the hunted, hungry look which Caterina has.

"There is, perhaps, money in there," they say.

"Perhaps," answers the Mule, without afterthought.

"It may be a thousand pesetas."

"Perhaps."

And the Mule, who is brave enough where Caterina is not concerned, quietly turns his back upon a man who carries a gun, and follows *Cristofero Colon*. It sometimes happens that he trudges his nineteen miles without meeting any one, with no companion but his mules and his dog.

This last-named animal is such as may be met in Spain or even in France at any street corner—not a retriever, nor a fox-hound, nor anything at all but a dog as distinguished from a cat or a goat, living a troubled and uncertain life in a world that will always cringe to a pedigree but has no respect for nondescripts. It was on these journeys that the Mule had so much leisure for thought. For even he could think, perhaps, according to his dim lights. He was conscious, however, only of an ever-increasing feeling of a sick-

ness—a physical nausea (for he was of course a mere earthly creature)—at the thought of a possible life without Caterina. And it was at the end of a grilling day that the schoolmaster beckoned to him as he passed the schoolhouse, and told him that it was settled—that Caterina would marry him.

"Would you like to see her?—she is indoors," inquired the bearer of the tidings.

"No," answered the Mule, after a dull pause. "Not to-night. I have my mail-bags, as you see."

And he clattered on down the narrow street with a dazed look, as if the brightness of paradise had flashed across his vision. So it was settled. Caterina and the Mule were to be married, and there had been no love-making, the old women said. And what, they asked, is youth for, if there is to be no love-making? And God knows they were right, said the priest who heard the remark, who was a very old man himself.

Two days after that, the Mule met Caterina as she was going to the fountain. He said good-morning. They both stopped, and the Mule looked into Caterina's eyes and had nothing to say. For he saw something there which he did not understand, and which made him feel that he was no better than Cristoforo Colon, scraping and stumbling up the narrow street with the mail-bags—in such a vile temper, by the way, that the Mule had to hurry after him.

"It is a slow business," said the schoolmaster to Sergeant Nolveda, of the Guardia Civil, who lived in San Celoni and trained one young recruit after another according to the regulations of this admirable corps. For one never meets a guardia civil alone, but always in company—an old head and a pair of young legs. "A slow business. He is not a lover such as I should choose were I a pretty girl like Caterina; but one can never tell with women, eh?"

Indeed, matters did not progress very quickly. The Mule appeared to take so much for granted, to take as said so much that had not been said. Even the love-making seemed to him to have been understood, and he appeared to be quite content to go his daily journeys with the knowledge that Caterina was to be his wife. There

were, of course, others in the valley who would have been glad enough to marry Caterina, but she had shown no preference for any of these swains, who knew themselves inferior, in a worldly sense, to the Mule. So the whole country-side gradually accustomed itself also to the fact that Caterina was to marry Querenó. The news even spread to the mountains. The Mule heard of it there one day when he had accomplished fourteen daily journeys to the accompaniment of this new happiness.

As he was nearing the summit of the pass he saw Pedro Casavel, who had been "in the mountains" three years, seated on a stone awaiting him. Pedro Casavel was a superior man who had injured another in a dispute originating in politics. His adversary was an old man, now stricken with a mortal disease. And it was said that Pedro Casavel could safely return to the village, where his father owned a good house and some land. His enemy had forgiven him, and would not prosecute. But Casavel lingered in the mountains, distrusting so Christian a spirit.

He rose as the Mule slowly approached. He carried a gun always, and was more daring than his companions in retreat. The Mule mechanically sought in his jacket pocket for a box of matches, which he knew would be a welcome gift, and held it out silently as he neared Casavel. But Casavel did not take it.

"I hear that you are to marry Caterina," he said, with a half-disdainful laugh. "Is it true?"

"It is true," answered the Mule.

"If you do," cried the other, passionately, with a bang on the stock of his gun that startled Cristoforo Colon—"if you do, I will shoot you."

The Mule smiled slowly, just as he smiled when the people cried "Ai-i-ieah" as he passed them.

"I am going to marry her," he said, with a shake of the head. And mechanically he handed the other the box of matches, which Casavel took, though his eyes still flashed with anger and that terrible jealousy which flows in southern blood. Then the Mule walked slowly on, while his dog shambled after him, turning back once or twice to glance apprehensively at the man left standing in the middle of

the rocky path. Dogs, it is known, have a keener scent than human beings—perhaps they also have a keener vision, and see more written on the face of man than we can perceive.

The Mule turned at the summit of the pass, and looked down, as he always did, at the village where Caterina lived, before turning his face to the sunnier southern slope. He saw Casavel standing where he had left him, holding up the gun with a threatening gesture. The Mule had no eye for effect. He did not even shrug his shoulders.

It was finally the schoolmaster who hurried matters to their natural conclusion. By his advice, the Mule, who had hitherto lodged in the house of the postmaster, rented a cottage of his own and bought some simple furniture. He consulted Caterina on several points, and she was momentarily aroused from a sort of apathy which had come over her of late, by a very feminine interest in the kitchen fittings. The best that could be said for Caterina was that she was resigned. As for the Mule, like the animal from which he had acquired his habits of thought as well as his name, he seemed to expect but little from life. So, one morning before departing on his daily journey, the Mule was unobtrusively married to Caterina in the little pink stucco chapel that broods over the village of San Celoni like a hen over her chickens. And Cristoforo Colon and the dog waited outside.

It was a commonplace ceremony, and at its conclusion the bridegroom trudged off up the village street behind his mail-bags. The Mule, it must be admitted, was a deadly dull person—y nada mas—and nothing more, as his fond father-in-law observed at the café that same morning.

But when he returned on the second evening, he made it evident that he had been thinking of Caterina in his absence, for he gave her, half shyly and very awkwardly, some presents that he had brought from a larger village than San Celoni, which he had passed on his way. There were shops in this village, and it was held in the district that articles bought there were of superior quality to such as came even from Granada or Malaga. The Mule had expended nearly a peseta on a

colored kerchief such as women wear on their heads, and a brooch of blue glass.

"Thank you," said Caterina, taking the presents and examining them with bright eyes. She stood before him in a girlish attitude, folding the kerchief across her hand, and holding it so that the light of their new lamp fell upon it. "It is very pretty."

The Mule had washed his face and hands at the fountain as he came into San Celoni, remembering that he was a bridegroom. He stood, sleek and sunburnt, looking at her, and, if he had only had the words, the love-making might have commenced then and there, at a point where the world says it usually ends.

"There was nothing," he said slowly, at length, "in the shops that seemed to me pretty at all——" He paused, and turned away to lay his beret aside, then with his back toward her he finished the sentence—"not pretty enough for you."

Caterina winced, as if he had hurt instead of pleasing her. She busied herself with the preparations for their simple supper, and the Mule sat silently watching her—as happy, perhaps, in his dull way, as any king has ever been. Then suddenly Caterina's fingers began to falter, and she placed the plates on the table with a clatter, as if her eyes were blinded. She hesitated, and with a sort of wail of despair, sat down and hid her face in her apron. And the Mule's happiness was only human after all, for it was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into abject misery.

He sat biting his lip, and looking at her as she sobbed. Then at length he rose slowly, and going to her, laid his great, solid, heavy hand upon her shoulder. But he could not think of anything to say. He could meet this only as he had met other emergencies, with that silence which he had acquired from the dumb beasts amid the mountains.

At length, after a long pause, he spoke. He had detected a movement, made by Caterina and instantly restrained, to withdraw from the touch of his hand, and this had set his slow brain thinking. He had dealt with animals more than with men, and was less slow to read a movement than to understand a word.

"What is it?" he asked. "Is it that you are sorry you married me?"

And Caterina, who belonged to a people saying yea, yea, and nay, nay, nodded her head.

"Why?" asked the Mule, with a deadly economy of words. And she did not answer him.

"Is it because—there is another man?"

It was known in the valley that the Mule had never used his knife, not even in self-defense. Caterina did not dare, however, to answer him. She only whispered a prayer to the Virgin.

"Is it Pedro Casavel?" asked the Mule, and the question brought her to her feet, facing him with white cheeks.

"No—no—no!" she cried. "What made you think that? Oh—no!"

Woman-like, she thought she could fool him. The Mule turned away from her and sat down again. Woman-like, she had forgotten her own danger at the mere thought that Casavel might suffer.

"And he—in the mountains," said the Mule, thinking aloud. He was beginning to see now, at last, when it was too late, as better men than he have done before and will continue to do hereafter. Caterina could not have held out as an objection to her marriage the fact that she loved a man who was in the mountains. The schoolmaster was not one to listen to such an argument as that, especially from a girl who could not know her own mind. For the schoolmaster was, despite his radical tendencies, bigoted in his adherence to the old mistakes.

Caterina might have told the Mule, perhaps, if he had asked her; for she knew that he was gentle even with the stubborn Cristoforo Colon. But he had not asked her, failing the necessary courage to face the truth.

It was, of course, the woman who spoke first, in a quiet voice, with that philosophy of life which is better understood by women than by men.

"You must, at all events, eat," she said, "after your journey. It is a 'cocida' that I have made."

She busied herself among the new kitchen utensils with movements hardly yet as certain as the movements of a woman, but rather those of a child, hasty and yet

deft enough. The Mule watched her, seated clumsily, with round shoulders, in the attitude of a field laborer indoors. When the steaming dish, which smelt of onions, was set upon the table, he rose and dragged his chair forward. He did not think of setting a chair in place for Caterina, who brought one for herself, and they sat down—to their wedding feast.

They appeared to accept the situation, as the poor and the hard-worked have to accept the many drawbacks to their lot, without further comment. The Mule cultivated a more complete silence perhaps than hitherto, but he was always kind to Caterina, treating her as he would one of his beasts which had been injured, with a mutual silent acceptance of the fact that she had a sorrow, a weak spot as it were, which must not be touched. With a stolid tact, he never mentioned the mountains, or those unfortunate men who dwelt therein. If he met Pedro Casavel, he did not mention the encounter to Caterina. Neither did he make any reference to Caterina when he gave Pedro a box of matches. Indeed, he rarely spoke to Casavel at all, but nodded and passed on his way. If Casavel approached from behind, he stopped without looking round, and waited for him just as his mules stopped, and as mules always do when they hear any one approaching from behind.

So time went on, and the schoolmaster, resigning his situation, departed to Malaga—where, by the way, he came to no good; for of talking there is too much in this world, and a wise man would not thank you for the "gift of the gab." The man whom Pedro Casavel had injured died quietly in his bed. Caterina went about her daily work with her unspoken history in her eyes, while Pedro himself no doubt ate his heart out in the mountains. That he ate it out in silence could scarcely be, for the tale got about the valley somehow that he and Caterina had been lovers before his misfortune.

And as for the Mule, he trudged his daily score of miles, and said nothing to any man. It would be hard to say whether he noticed that Pedro Casavel, when he showed himself now in the mountains, appeared rather ostentatiously without his gun—harder still to guess whether the

Mule knew that as he passed across the summit, Casavel would sometimes lie amid the rocks and cover him with that same gun for a hundred yards or so, slowly following his movements with the steady barrel, so that the mail-carrier's life hung, as it were, on the touch of a trigger for minutes together. Pedro Casavel seemed to shift his hiding-place as if he were seeking to perfect certain details of light and range and elevation. Perhaps it was only a grim enjoyment which he gathered from thus holding the Mule's life in his hand for five or six minutes two or three times a week, or perhaps after all he was that base thing, a coward, and lacked the nerve to pull a trigger—to throw a bold stake upon life's table and stand by the result. Each day he crept a little nearer, grew more daring, until he noticed a movement made by the lank, ill-fed dog which seemed to indicate that the beast, at all events, knew of his presence in the rocks above the foot-path.

Then one day, when there was no wind, and the light was good and the range had been ascertained, Pedro pulled the trigger. The report and a puff of bluish smoke floated up to heaven, where they were doubtless taken note of, and the Mule fell forward on his face.

"I have it," he muttered, in the curt Andalusian dialect. And then and there the Mule died.

Caterina did not expect the Mule to return that evening, which was his night away from home at Puente de Rey. She hurried to the door, therefore, when she heard, after nightfall, the clatter of hoofs in the narrow street and the shuffling of iron heels at her very step. She opened the door, and in the bright moonlight saw the cocked hats and long cloaks of the Guardia Civil. There were other men behind them, and a beast shuffled his feet as he was bidden to stand still.

"What is it?" she asked. "An accident to the Mule?"

"Not exactly that," replied the sergeant, as he made way for two men who approached carefully, carrying a heavy weight. It was the Mule whom they brought in and laid on the table.

"Shot," said the sergeant, curtly. He had heard the gossip of the valley, and

doubted whether Caterina would need much pity or consideration. His companion in arms now appeared, leading by the sleeve one who was evidently his captive. Caterina looked up and met his eyes. It was Pedro Casavel, sullen, ill clad, half a barbarian, with the seal of the mountains upon him.

"The mail-bags are missing," pursued the sergeant, who in a way was the law-giver of the valley. "Robbery was doubtless the object. We shall find the mail-bags among the rocks. The Mule must have shown fight, for his pistol was in his pocket with one barrel discharged."

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the Mule's broad chest, without heeding the stained shirt. That stain was no new sight to an old soldier.

"Robbery," he repeated, with a glance at Casavel and Caterina, who stood one on each side of the table that bore such a grim burden, and looked at each other. "Robbery and murder. So we brought Pedro Casavel, whose hiding-place we have known these last two years, with us—on the chance, eh?—on the chance. It was the dog that came and told us. Whoever shot the man should have shot the dog too—for safety's sake."

As the sergeant spoke, he mechanically made sure that the Mule's pockets were empty. Suddenly he stopped, and withdrew a folded paper from the inside pocket of the jacket. He turned toward the lamp to read the writing on it. It was the Mule's writing. He was one of the few scholars in San Celoni. The sergeant turned, after a moment's thought, and faced Casavel again.

"You are free to go, Pedro," he said. "I have made a mistake, and I ask your pardon."

He held out the paper, which, however, Casavel did not offer to take, but stood stupidly staring at it, as if he did not understand.

Then the sergeant turned to the lamp again. He unfolded the paper, which was crumpled as if with long friction in the pocket, and read aloud:

"Let no one be accused of my death. It is I who, owing to private trouble, shall shoot myself.—Juan Querenzo, so-called the 'Mule.'"



SOME ENGLISH DEFINITIONS AND VIEWS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN conversation with some Englishmen in front of a grate fire one evening, after a Lord Mayor's procession, I asked what was the social status of a Lord Mayor and was surprised to learn that he had none worth boasting of, in the opinion of those who have genuine social position. He takes higher rank among "City men," that is to say business men and their families, but is not—unless, as happens once in a great while, he is at the same time a gentleman—recognized, sought or entertained by people of station. In cases of epidemic, famine or other national disaster the Prime Minister always first notifies the Lord Mayor, and he is supposed to write out the news on a piece of paper and post it on the side of the Mansion House with his own hand. In public ceremonies and pageants he has a place assigned him well

down the line after the people of high station. He is called Right Honorable; and once a year, because it is an old and useful custom, the Prime Minister—the actual ruler of this republic with a monarch at top—goes to his banquet and makes a speech there, an address to the people, disclosing the government's policy and actions. But the Lord Mayor's society is that of the tradesfolk, which in England is the lowest order of society, if indeed it can be included at all under that august term.

An American long resident in London tells this remarkable story as illustrative of the position trade holds in the social classification of the people here. Said he: "I know two families in Blackheath. The first is headed by a man who manufactures toys and sells them only at wholesale. He is a somewhat rude man, of humble origin,

and slight though pretentious intellectual development. Yet he has the entrée of that set which is made up of professional men, knights, baronets and the like, and which maintains a very ceremonious and formal circle, much given to entertaining, carriage-keeping and to the imitation and discussion of the doings of the smart and great. The daughters of my friend, the manufacturer, attended school with the daughters of a man who occupied such a place in business circles in London as the greatest jeweler in America does in New York; that is to say, he makes and sells artistic crystal and glassware at wholesale and retail. Because he sells at retail, his family is shut out of the smart circle—rigidly, completely. His girls are polished, talented, beautiful, stylish—the equals of any girls in London, in so far as travel, schooling and careful bringing up are concerned. This does not help them in the least. I went to an ambitious function at their house one evening, and for the first time comprehended what was their lot in life. The house was filled by the members of the families of the great retail tradesmen of London—the men who keep the shopping stores and fashionable shops of the West End, all with famous names in trade. They were mainly loud in taste and behavior, their women having fat hands incrustated with jeweled rings, and their men wearing diamonds on their fingers and shirt fronts. All had coarse voices, rude manners—a boastful, vulgar and an ostentatious lot, such as caste had condemned them to be by denying to them the benefits of good example.

"There was at this party a woman who was made very much of because her family was excellent and her husband was a subordinate official in a department of the government. I wondered why she was alone in all that company, but I was not suffered to wonder long, for with what seems to an American vulgarity quite as great as that of any one in the company, she said to me when we were by ourselves: 'Is not this a shocking company? I know the —— [naming the hosts], and see what a penalty I have to pay for it. One must always pay dear for acquaintance among such people. Indeed, I am here in acknowledgment of a debt of money or

I would not be here at all. I like the —— [the hosts]. The girls are well brought up and the mother has good family connections. But, of course, their friends must be solely such as these—the most dreadful people imaginable.'

"In the course of that evening at my house a man was spoken of and one of the Englishmen inquired, 'What is his family?'

"'He is a son of a clergyman in Lincolnshire,' was the reply.

"'Oh, I see, he's a gentleman,' said the first speaker.

"At that I asked for light on what it is which makes a gentleman, and gathered that within the sacred pale are not only all clergymen, but professional men generally. I stated this proposition and was told that not all such men are gentlemen, but they may be; that is to say, if their manners are refined and they are professional men, they rank and are treated as gentlemen, though plenty of professional men have not this breeding or this recognition. This is a trifle vague, I know, yet it is definite enough for all who, like myself, do not estimate the matter as of great importance."

Quite another view of what constitutes a gentleman in England, I find reported in the "Westminster Gazette" in the form of an interview with Dr. George F. Marshall of the Heralds' College—that Mecca of the rich Americans, who get fitted out there, promptly and authoritatively, with a coat-of-arms whenever they want one, whoever they may be, and indeed with whatever coat they prefer, from that of an ancient and extinct French family, such as now decorates the letter-heads and carriage doors of the American millionaire who lives in London, to a coat-of-arms invented by a Strand shopkeeper and taken to the Heralds' College to be consecrated.

In the case in question, a correspondent called "X" had written to the "Westminster Gazette" to say that some brazen and shameless persons, in disrespect of all social law and order, had been known to invent and display coats-of-arms not authorized by or recorded at the Heralds' College. What Doctor Marshall had to say about this is reported, English fashion, in the third person, as follows:

"Doctor Marshall appeared to think there

was quite probably a large amount of truth in what 'X' says. The thing was done only too frequently, he intimated—gentlemen assuming coats-of-arms of which they at the Heralds' College had no knowledge whatsoever. The proper way, of course, for an individual who finds himself in a position necessitating a coat-of-arms is for him to go to the Heralds' College and have the thing put through in the proper manner. Whatever his views as to his descent may be, it is better for him to do this. If he is desirous of indicating his relationship to a noble ancestor, real or supposed, by adopting his coat-of-arms, even this mild form of fraud can be arranged after a fashion—that is to say, sufficient alteration can be made in the modern device to differentiate the two coats-of-arms heraldically without at the same time 'giving away' their latter-day wearer. If, on the other hand, he has the common sense and honesty to start a coat-of-arms on his own account, which is a perfectly legitimate act to do, the thing is simpler still. His calling, his name or some fact concerning himself or his antecedents will supply the needed motive and the task is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye or thereabouts. Then, if he afterward becomes a baronet or a peer, he is all right, for he is already a gentleman by reason of his duly authenticated and properly acquired coat-of-arms. If, on the contrary, he has previously been using arms of the bogus order, procured perhaps for three shillings and sixpence at the nearest stationer's, his position becomes an awkward one, since the matter has to be looked into by the Heralds' College authorities before his patent can be granted. And this is frequently the case with peers of modern creation. As Doctor Marshall puts it, 'Her Majesty makes them noble lords but they have to come to us to make them gentlemen.'"

This apparently slighting allusion to the genus Lord makes the learned doctor appear to disparage rank, but no sane and healthy person does that in England. He only meant to be sensational with an audacity so great that, he knew very well, every Englishman would perceive his true intention to be humorous.

The nobility—to explain the institution to an American—is just like a national flag

personified. Where we have no common emblem or tie, or constant and substantial object of reverence, except our flag, the English have the nobility, up to which all of them look, around which all rally. There are two classes in England that affect little or no respect for the nobility—the considerable body of Socialists and a tiny body of cads. You can suspect both; for my part I believe both merely pretend the indifference they boast. The Radicals inveigh against the titled class at meetings over which they have not succeeded in getting a nobleman or knight to preside. When they lose a Gladstone they ignore their real leaders and clamor for a lord (Rosebery). The mob, made up of the very poor in larger proportion than of the rest of the people, goes wild over a turf victory by the Prince of Wales and abuses itself before Rosebery and Beresford on the turf. And when an eccentric like the Earl of Dunraven misbehaves himself grossly in two racing contests with Americans, there is not a single voice lifted against him, though the whole community utters a protest if a man like C. D. Rose or a merchant knight like Sir George Newnes offers to step into the noble's shoes to win back the cup for England.

I am finding no fault with this. I think, with Rosebery and the late Lord Randolph Churchill, that the institution of nobility is never to end here. It is suited to the people. It is a part of a government that is the most beloved and popular that we know of on earth. It makes itself very useful, too, and at great cost of trouble and weariness shows gratitude for what it gets from the masses.

As to the cads who affect to despise rank and title in a land where all are taught to respect them, I notice that when one of them sneered at the nobility, called himself a Radical, said he was a Republican and that monarchies were effete, he presently added, "I wish you would come here to tea to-morrow. I'm going to have some nice people here—people you will be proud to meet. Among others will be So-and-So; she's the sister of the Duke of Devonshire. And perhaps Lord Frederick Hamilton will drop in. He often does." Twenty instances like that have been my experience in half as many months.

Bah! The English all love a lord—Du Maurier alone of modern writers has put it frankly in "The Martian." He speaks of the frank admiration of a manly Englishman for a lord.

I have seen laughable instances of the feelings toward a lord, one of which will seem to reflect upon or contradict what I have just written. I was at Henley once during the regatta, and was in a company that included a lord. We were rowing in several boats, and the lord, who was ahead, took the wrong route around an island. The ladies in my boat bade me call to him to come back. "But what shall I call?" I asked; "shall I yell 'My lord'?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, no," said one; "if you call him a lord out loud the whole mob of people on the river bank will guy him. But do call him something, quick." So I called as I would have done in America: "I say, Campbell, not that way." Afterward I told him of my plight and he said, "What you did was exactly the thing."

"Why would they have guyed you if I had called you a lord?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "they would not have believed I was one, or they would have thought you were advertising me. They would have known something was wrong."

At a great university I was breakfasting at the table of the faculty. Several exceptionally bright members were around the table and we were all very merry and at ease. Suddenly a professor entered, evidently excited, and said: "Lord Bulwark [a famous man and member of the government] is here. He was put up in young So-and-So's room by the dean last night. He'll be in to breakfast in a minute."

This lord was a graduate of that college and was down there for what we call the commencement exercises. His mere presence spoiled the breakfast and comfort of half the faculty, so greatly did they hold him in awe.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed one professor. "That cheats me out of my breakfast. I'll gulp this coffee down and get out."

"Why do you want to go away?" asked the man next to him.

"Oh, I shan't be comfortable. I think I'll slip away."

"I'll go, too," said another.

"And I too," said a third.

Only three of us remained, and we went on talking. The subject was the American presidential contest. The door opened to let in the dean and a man with a large, round, pleasant face.

"What you don't understand," said I, "is that we elect a platform rather than a man. It doesn't matter much what McKinley's views were or are about silver or anything else. He must accept the platform of the convention that nominated him and he must abide by it."

"Why, that's quite new," said the big man, who was of course the expected Cabinet Minister. "May I be introduced to this gentleman?" This being done, he added, "I should like to hear more about that. We think we elect platforms or policies here, and sometimes find out our mistake. But there are many things I should like to ask you."

After that he fell into the conversation, and as he told me much that was important about affairs in which his government and mine were concerned, I imagine the talk was interesting on both sides. He acted and talked like a sensible, modest, plain man, and I treated him as I would wish to treat a casual acquaintance anywhere—on an omnibus or in a drawing-room. Hours afterward he saw me in the college grounds and came up and asked me to visit him in London. We drew aside and talked again for a while. To me this was all quite natural and commonplace, but not so to the others.

But what a marked change it made in my environment! I had come there as the acquaintance of one gentleman and now I found myself the friend of all the college. "His Lordship invited you to visit him, didn't he?" "You had a talk with Lord Bulwark, didn't you?" "I hear you have greatly interested Lord Bulwark?" Every one brought this up, and every one, including those who had scarcely noticed me before, was anxious to do me every kindness. Believe me, admiration for royalty and the nobility is bred in the bone in England. And precisely as a man who feels that he is a gentleman renders homage to a higher rank, so he prizes his own standing.

However, I had not meant to treat of lords in particular, but of all gentlemen. I have given two well-digested English definitions of what a gentleman is. The first is that a man of family or title is a gentleman, and that a man following a professional calling may be a gentleman if he can get himself accepted by the community

as such. This is the general English view.

As for the second definition, to the effect that any man with a coat-of-arms is a gentleman, provided that he purchases his insignia at the old original warehouse called the Heralds' College, that I think is a definition given out for American and colonial consumption.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN IDEA OF A GENTLEMAN?

BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER.

AFTER reading an American's idea of the English conception of the term gentleman, it is worth while to try to define the American idea. In the first place, it is distinctly not connected with family or occupation or station. It rests solely with the man himself. He must be possessed of fine perception, gentle manners and generous qualities. It is not necessary that he should have riches or profession or even clothes of a certain cut. Moving about in our American world, you constantly hear the expression, "That man is a gentleman," applied to men who personally have qualities and manners, and no other recommendation; and this differentiation of the term "gentleman" is perfectly distinct in the minds of nine-tenths of the American people. Nothing can make a gentleman in their conception but quality.

The American ideal gentleman does not lie. He does not ungenerously seek a mean advantage over his neighbors. He is not a coward. He is never brutal. The English gentleman, as accepted by a considerable class in Great Britain, sometimes does or is all of these things without sacrificing the title "gentleman."

But if I were asked to point out a distinguishing characteristic of the American gentleman, after his natural refinement in thought, speech and action, it is that he has nothing of that caddish tendency which causes so many Englishmen to bow down to the rank and station of those above them—nothing of that willingness to wound the feelings of others in order that he himself may attain some advantage or assume some air of superiority. He is fearless in his beliefs. Above all, he does not wish to be taken for something that he is not. He is interested in all his fellow-men, and never shrinks from meeting and

knowing them, in whatever station of life, lest he should be thought less highly of. He kowtows to none, curries favor with none, fears none; is modest regarding himself, well knowing his own limitations; and is ready to respect the rights of all equally with his own, and pity equally with his own the misfortunes of those less favored than himself.

There are, it is true, some Americans who have imbibed some of the worst English notions of life; but these are looked upon with pity as weaklings, lacking in that true manliness which is essentially the American spirit.

Of course, there are gentlemen who do not possess all these qualifications. But this conception in the main constitutes the American ideal of gentlemen, and a man is a true gentleman as he approaches this ideal. Such a man need not be taught the many little tricks of manner and dress which have been invented by middle-class Englishmen with a view to establishing as a gentleman him whose natural boorishness would stamp him as one without the pale of gentlemanhood.

We have professional men, and men of noted ability and of riches and great position, whom no one would ever think of ranking as gentlemen. And we have men of humble and mean station to whom that tribute is invariably paid by those who come in contact with them.

In England the word "gentleman" has become so lowered and corrupted that it has come to attach, not to the man, but to the position resulting from birth or profession. But, as has been already said, the American conception deals solely with quality, and any American whose thoughts and manners vouch for this quality will be surely accorded the title.

GREAT PROBLEMS IN ORGANIZATION.

V.

THE STREET-CLEANING WORK OF COLONEL WARING IN NEW YORK.

BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER.

I HAD been requested to take charge of the arrangements which contemplated the last act of respect to Henry George, and a public funeral in New York. A night funeral, and one in which more than a hundred organizations would take part, involved endless details. The time permitted for preparation was but a few hours, and the name of Colonel Waring immediately occurred to me as the one who, by his natural fitness for organization, would render most valuable assistance.

He immediately responded to my note asking him to take charge as Chief Marshal, and went carefully over the plans that were already in process of execution, in a clear-headed way, pointing out defects and suggesting improvements. When the hour had arrived, we mounted our horses and together rode up from Union Square to the Grand Central Palace. It was dark before we arrived, and the great black catafalque, with its sixteen horses, stood dimly outlined amidst the great crowd. Twenty minutes were spent in arranging along the steps of the catafalque the beautiful flower-pieces which had been sent by the high and low of the nation in token of their respect for the man who had literally given his life for his fellow-men. Colonel Waring selected the flowers and personally placed them on the catafalque, and finally, when all was ready, we followed the body down the broad staircase and saw it placed upon the pyramid of costliest flowers.

Down Madison Avenue to Broadway,

down Broadway to City Hall Park, thence across the Brooklyn Bridge and on to the Brooklyn City Hall—along the entire route stood packed the dense throng, awed by the suddenness of this death, and awakening as it stood there to a fuller recognition of a hero who truly lived. The sky swam with fleecy clouds, which now

covered the nearly full moon and then left a clear space through which the light came down in soft, mysterious rays upon coffin and people.

The procession required but little handling. Dress-parade rules were not necessary. I was riding with Richard Watson Gilder, who wore a long Arab-like cloak with hood, and was in a poet's mood. Waring, from time to time, would turn back and join us, philosophizing for a moment, then going back to his post as Chief Marshal.

I had met Colonel Waring previously at public functions in New York, and he had contributed to THE COSMOPOLITAN an important paper on "The Disposition of Garbage in the Great Cities." The impression left had been pleasing; but on this night I came to see the man in a truer light. After the last of the long column had passed at the Brooklyn City Hall the coffin which contained all that was mortal of Henry George, and filed off into the night, we gave up our horses to attendants in waiting and took a cab back to New York.

In the afternoon Waring had displayed clear-headedness, and shown himself to be



COL. GEORGE E. WARING.

the broad-minded man of affairs. Along the route of the procession he had been alternately commander and poet. In the cab he became the philosopher, commenting on the questions that were then foremost, in a way that left an impression of a calm and dispassionate mind.

Colonel Waring's genius had always taken the direction of being useful to his fellow-men. He was a born organizer. His mind resented waste and disorder. If he had always been in a position to be of service to the city, the result gained to the public would have been vast. Unfortunately, the competitive system under which we exist forced him to labor often in obscure channels, where the results to be secured were of little consequence. He had, however, become well recognized as a sanitary engineer, when chance brought him into contact with Mayor Strong and put into his hands the cleaning of the Augean streets of New York.

No sooner were the difficult questions presented than they began to arrange themselves in his mind:

First. Eliminate political influence from tenure of place.

Second. Make the workingman's tenure of place dependent solely upon good work.

Third. Fix the man's sphere of work within a constant area, for which condition he could be held responsible, and receive credit or blame as the case may be.

Fourth. Introduce every scientific labor-saving device.

Fifth. Compel the honest expenditure of public funds.

Sixth. State the conditions to the public frankly, and then demand sufficient funds to keep the city clean.

It required but a little time after Colonel Waring had taken charge before the public began to awaken to the fact that a new order had been established. The street-cleaners were observed to be giving an unwanted steadiness of effort to their purpose. The chief streets of the metropolis began suddenly to be clean—very clean—and the area of decayed garbage and mud on the east and west sides was visibly decreased.

One day the street-cleaners appeared in white duck trousers and coats, with military buttons and straps. The public laughed.

"Waring must be a crank," men said behind club windows as they looked out on the avenue. No one comprehended why cleaners of public streets should be uniformed in white duck. Waring waxed his mustache a little tighter and appeared at his clubs as usual. He did not condescend to explain.

Presently the snow came. Under former régimes the populace would have trampled through the slush for weary weeks. But long before the snow had ceased falling the streets were full of wagons and carts. An army of poor men had been in process to secure organization for weeks; shovels by the ten thousands had been provided.

Military orders had been given for each man to report at his particular station as soon as the snow should reach two inches in depth. Presto! The invading army took possession of the streets, and in a space of time that seemed almost incredible the obstruction had been removed. The streets were dried out by the first sun, and it was necessary to go to Central Park to discover that the sleighing was excellent.

Then came a dispute about appropriations. Colonel Waring demanded what was right. The public took sides with Waring. From that time out he held the public confidence. He was so highly respected that even the meanest and mangiest curs refused to bark at him in print. His lesson in organization has not been lost. The city of New York will not permit a reversion to old methods. Nevertheless, the death of such a man is an immense loss, not only to the community in which he lived, but to the world at large.

Havana is a pest-hole which makes necessary the loss of thousands of lives and the expenditure of millions of dollars. Colonel Waring had undertaken the work of doing away with this menace, and he, like Garfield, may well be recorded as a martyr who gave up his life for the community.

"Able, anxious for the public welfare, clear-headed, fearless, incorruptible and determined." This should be the inscription which the public should erect both in Havana and in New York to call the attention of youth to the example of a man whose life is worth imitating.

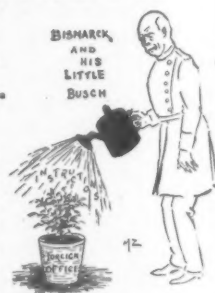


IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



THE Month in England.—There is a good deal to be said for the view that autobiography, when well done, makes the best of all reading. Yet though, as life goes, it is given to but few to be the protagonists in their own biographies, it is seldom indeed that the writer betrays any consciousness that he may not, after all, be the real center of the narrative. This is healthy enough if it flows naturally from free spirit and robust mind; for every man ought to hold his head high—a doctrine compatible with both good sense and good philosophy: The ideal autobiography might thus well be the one in which the revelation of a vigorous and interesting self goes with a perception of some larger epic in which such individual ego is involved. Of course each life is a part of many epics, one merging into another. The immediate domestic drama is woven into the wider social drama of the times, itself but an aspect of a greater historic epic, in its turn merging into the still greater biologic epic which is finally gathered up into the grand epic of the universe. Which would seem to suggest rather an alarming and a ponderous task for the would-be ideal autobiographer. But given the right man, everything else would come of itself. He would need only to set down things naturally and spontaneously, feeling them as he lived through them. The social and historic atmosphere would somehow develop in the right proportion, and an occasional flash of thought and insight would do the rest.

However, it would seem that the autobiographies that make the most noise in the world are for the most part written in quite a different spirit. Not only devoid of any epic perception, they are conscious pieces of self-effacement—with only the claim to privileged accessoryship—before some overwhelming Presence in the center of the stage. Naturally we are apt to view such poor-spirited chroniclers through their own eyes, though when in the end we become aware of them at our elbow we are not averse from throwing them a word of recognition: "Ah, yes, you are an admirable biographer." Which shows that we are scarcely aware that *autobiography* has been offered us. Some such modicum of recognition—it will serve to help digest the much pudding—is being generally awarded to Dr. Moritz Busch, who in three long volumes, and in the English language only, publishes the pick of the diary of twenty-five years of his life under the immediately self-effacing title of "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His His-



tory." "You know I worship you, and would let myself be cut into a thousand pieces for you," had once professed the doctor to the Presence, and the Presence had replied playfully that so many weren't necessary. Is it any wonder that the Great Being subsequently expressed himself as quite content that the world should see him and hear him and even learn all the secrets through "his little Busch"? The chronicler is frank about the nature of the personal connection between the two of them, as he is



astonishingly frank—and perhaps cynically fearless!—about everything. He was simply a tool, well-used and long-lasting. His first confidential employment by the German Foreign Office as a press agent dates from the beginning of 1870, so that the diary covers the most momentous epoch of Bismarck's career. His chief duties were to write inspired notes, articles, and leaders in various newspapers, Bismarck giving him instructions almost daily. Eventually he got into touch with the foreign press, and one of the secrets here revealed is that Bismarck was thus indirectly a contributor to the "Daily Telegraph"! Dr. Busch is an exact chronicler. Necessarily he saw much—though of course

far from everything—of the Iron Chancellor, and listened to, even participating in, conversations that were not always official. He has contented himself with the bare setting down of facts as they occurred and words as they were spoken, so that he has supplied us with a mere mass of raw material, a great deal of it, too, of the pettiest character possible, and devoid of any personal leaven of artistry or philosophy. Yet despite the absence—no doubt deliberate—of any dramatic sense of the great historic epic at the very core of which Dr. Busch's duties were performed, the great personality shows vividly enough through the accumulated record. Designed as a circulating-library sensation, the book will remain as a "document" out of which the historians will make what they can. A goodly portion of a previous book of Dr. Busch's is included in the present one. At the time of its publication, it had the benefit of Bismarck's own criticism, which it may be interesting to quote. "There are . . . confusions of jest and earnest in the expressions and incidents upon which you base your view of my supposed way of thinking. You assume that in everything I have said in your presence for the entertainment of my guests at table or in my own home . . . I have invariably given serious expression to my inmost feelings." Here Bismarck puts his finger on the weakness of biographers and literary historians generally, who try to reconstruct souls from odd table-talk and misapprehended correspondence with friends.

There is a curious parallel between this indirect method of biography and the method of construction which Mr. Henry James has adopted during the last two or three years, and of which his latest novel, "In the Cage," is a striking example. The indirect medium of the drama is engaged in humbler though not less honorable duties than the Herr Doctor. She is a telegraph clerk in a minor post-office, which is a part of a general store, as is often the case in England, and in which she has a compartment to herself, caged in by the usual wire barriers. The neighborhood being a fashionable one, she obtains "whiffs and glimpses" of fashionable lives. "During her first weeks she had often gasped at the sums people were willing to pay for the stuff they transmitted—the 'much loves,' the 'awful regrets,' the compliments and wonderments and vain, vague gestures that cost the price of a new pair of boots." She found her ladies in communication with her gentlemen and her gentlemen with her ladies. (Here then we have the key to Henry James's inspiration!) This girl concentrates her attention on one particular affair and her unsophisticated mind constructs from her telegrams and her momentary official relations with the actual personages a version of its own of the breathless romance that is being enacted. The reader of course puts



his own and superior interpretation on the "whiffs and glimpses," the "much loves" and "awful regrets." The alertness of the literary feat is by its nature likely to attract all the praise to itself, and the book itself to be dismissed as mere literary gymnastics, the tour-de-force of a subtle intellect. Injustice of this kind has frequently been meted out to Mr. James; the humanity in his work is seldom dwelt upon. Taking a deeper view of "In the Cage," we must see that the method is simply a way of choosing the appropriate shade of *light*. The choice of a due light is a most delicate part of the novelist's art, and Mr. James finds his in an astonishingly ingenious fashion, so that the drama it is thrown upon shows up for all the humanity there is in it, and certainly with much greater force than if it had been tackled with violent directness. Indeed, when examined closely, most of the adverse criticism leveled against Mr. James comes to nothing. Deeper than his method lies an immense vitality and full-bloodedness. I think of the many wonderful passages in that great masterpiece, "The Princess Casamassima," and how vitally he has felt and realized London and its denizens. Here, again, he has caught its light in his own way, and wonderfully, too. Never was vigorous, bouncing character more thoroughly realized than Millicent Henning. "She was to her blunt, expanded finger-tips, a daughter of London, of the crowded streets and hustling traffic of the great city; . . . it had entered into her blood and bone, the sound of her voice and the carriage of her head; she understood it by instinct and loved it with passion; she represented its immense vulgarities and curiosities, its brutality and its knowingness, its good-nature and its impudence." The passage swims up into my mind as being, likewise, a perfect description of the latest heroine of Mr. George Gissing's. For once two such essentially different literary temperaments meet on common ground. In some respects "The Town Traveler" has truer touches than anything Mr. Gissing had before done, yet he astonishes and puzzles us by his choice of so strange a medium for the revelation of new traits of literary disposition. So far he has written perhaps a score of novels, all set in the same key. An inherent bitterness is rarely wanting, and the atmosphere and feeling of all, despite the underlying genius, are alike grimy. Even enthusiastic admirers have been unable to read book after book, but Mr. Gissing holds his ground tenaciously. This fossilization of vision in so able a man is amazing. Surely, with his gifts, he could not fail to find inspiration in a wider outlook. Into "The Town Traveler" he has put much solid and truly characteristic work. Background and atmosphere are the same as before, which perhaps makes us welcome the fresh traits all the more. For the book has large elements of melodrama, woven into the realism in a manner that is Gissing's own, and has apparently been written in a rollicking spirit. You feel that the author must have enjoyed himself immensely in the elaboration of his melodrama. There is much hearty, hilarious humor, and for the first time, too, Mr. Gissing interprets the *joie de vivre* of his sordidly robust characters. Gammon (the traveler) is an astonishingly vitalized creation, who fits admirably into the book and into its general atmosphere. Oddest of all about this odd book is the somewhat incongruous touch of fantasy which is unmistakably there, though one cannot quite make out how. What impresses one particularly in Mr. Gissing's work is a general want of flexibility, a fault hard to associate with unquestionable artistic gift. Usually it exists where the redeeming touch of the artist is absent. A notable example of this is the monogram on "Rousseau," by Mr. Thomas Davidson, just published in Mr. Heinemann's Great Educators Series. There is undoubtedly evidence of scholarship in the book, but there is little else to be said for it. It is the traditional—though by no means necessary—tendency of scholarship to take books in themselves as unrelated to the living world, so that life to the man whose mind is being formed on a multitude of books is apt to be something seen and apprehended through a dimming medium of words and pedantic phrases, unless there be the



THE GUARDIAN OF LITERATURE

correcting grace of a sturdy higher consciousness. The judgments of the bookish man even in his own field—history, education, sociology—are wont to be rigid and one-sided. I have seldom read a book in which this rigidity of attitude, outlook and judgment is more marked than in this criticism of Rousseau's life and epoch. It is Philistine to the verge of the ridiculous, with its constant outpour of platitudinarian moral invective. One would imagine that Mr. Davidson had supposed his book was going to fall largely into the hands of readers with criminal propensities! Our critic seems to be of those who imagine that a human soul may be appraised from recorded superficial facts, and its thoughts traced to exact sources. He approaches the living genius with a yard measure in one hand and a whip in the other. The same pedantic method finds application in the chapter purporting to trace Rousseau's influence on the art, literature and ideas of the modern world. Mr. Davidson looks sedulously for Rousseau everywhere and finds him everywhere. Apparently Rousseau invented the love of nature, and no one has loved nature since without having got the idea from Rousseau. This method is common to many histories of literature, whose learned authors have a rage for pasting ridiculous labels across the backs of everything and everybody, unconscious that they are merely emulating the mischievous schoolboy. The very essence of true thought is its flexibility and many-sidedness; its due appreciation of the infinite nuances of the living world. Curiously enough, there have just been reprinted some articles of George Henry Lewes on "Success in Literature," which have been buried in the pages of the "Fortnightly Review" since 1865, and which seem to point to the fact that this pedantry was far more common among scholars formerly than to-day, and that it could even go with commanding powers of thought. In these articles the whip and yard measure are likewise singularly in evidence. Lewes in his strenuous zeal for the purity and holiness of Literature falls foul of all aspirants who have not the necessary qualification of genius. He begins thus ponderously: "In the development of the great series of animal organisms, the Nervous System assumes more and more of an imperial character." This seems to have precious little to do with the subject, but Lewes could not approach any subject except from some such "ganglionic" point of departure. "Lowest of all," he says later on, "are those whose esurient vanity, acting on a frivolous levity of mind, urges them to make Literature a plaything for display. To play at literature is altogether inexcusable; and the motive is vanity, the object notoriety, the end contempt." He next proceeds to ascertain the tests by which genius is to be gaged, and finds that there are three laws of literature, five laws of style, and so forth! All of which argues a shocking immobility of humor! By the way, I have been reading a book which suggests to me a quite Lewesian definition, namely that "the true function of the novelist is to make a cross-section at some particular point of history, contemporary or otherwise." Mr. Louis Becke is a novelist who answers perfectly to this definition. The record of the spread of civilization over Australia and the South Sea Islands will probably be summed up in a few narrative chapters in future history. Mr. Becke snatches for us out of the living actuality a few vivid pictures and happenings, swift, ferocious and sure, and they sum up the human side of the process. "Rodman the Boatsteerer" is a collection of some twenty stories—story in the sense which is the most effective form of truth. The immediate promptings of primitive motives furnish the themes, which are uniformly terrible and bear on the face of them the evidence that they are the fruit of first-hand knowledge.

LOUIS ZANGWILL.



THE COSMOPOLITAN UNIVERSITY.

THE educational work of THE COSMOPOLITAN was undertaken with the intention of demonstrating a deficiency in the educational facilities granted by the state. The idea was this:

We educate the child up to the point when it is just about to begin to think. Then we stop. But it is the education received after the student begins to think that is of most importance to the state. It is this thoughtful study that makes the good citizen, the good husband or wife, the efficient workman and the desirable neighbor. It is study after leaving the primary schools and colleges that counts most in the affairs of life, because this class of study is done understandingly and usually with a direct end in view.

Why should the state go forward just to this point and then, suddenly, drop the student upon his own resources? Why should not every man or woman who desires to improve be provided with needed facilities and so encouraged to rise to a higher plane of usefulness to the state?

Prior to THE COSMOPOLITAN's effort, there was a prevalent belief that no such class of persons existed. Legislators argued that there could be no reason for provision being made for a class that was non-existent.

The best way to combat so generally accepted an error was to demonstrate its falsity practically. The Cosmopolitan University was established for this purpose. The first declaration brought an immediate response from the circle of COSMOPOLITAN readers. Over twenty-one thousand students made application to enter the Cosmopolitan University the first year. A little effort would have increased the number of students to fifty thousand, drawn exclusively from COSMOPOLITAN readers.

No better demonstration could have been made. We know now that there must be a class aggregating close on to a million people anxious for that education for which to-day the state does not provide. Yet the expense of providing for this class of in-the-home education is insignificant in comparison with the more costly methods of primary education.

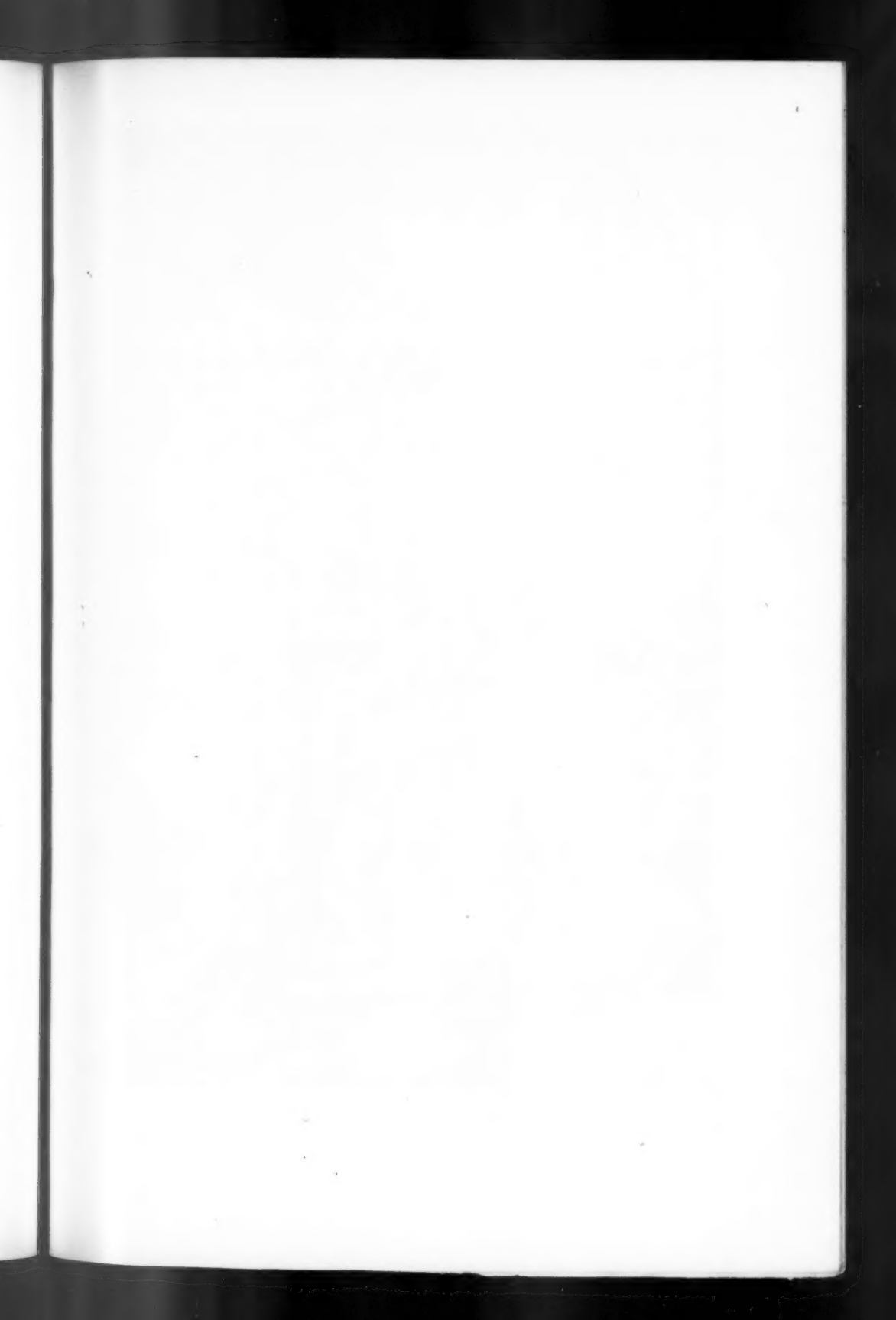
What should be the outcome of all this?

It is clearly the duty of the national government to provide a great central University, presided over by the ablest educational minds, to which the students seeking knowledge, but scattered throughout the land in places where the local educational facilities are insufficient or inapplicable to their cases, may turn for guidance, and to which they may submit their difficulties.

THE COSMOPOLITAN has undertaken to provide for these for a time, but its means do not permit it to take care of a twentieth part of those who would avail themselves of the help of a National Correspondence University.

These ideas are supported, not only by the facts demonstrated, but by many of the leading educators of the country; and the time is *now* for carrying them into execution. It has accordingly been determined to have presented in Congress this winter a bill which will provide for the organization of a National University, and its proper maintenance. It shall be under national control; but its government shall be by a board of trustees, nominated one by each of the great universities, free from personal interest and entirely removed from politics. The friends of education in the press, in Congress, among the great universities and among the people are asked to give their earnest coöperation.







Drawn by H. Pruett Shave.

"LET'S TAKE A LEAF OUT OF THIS 'ERE GENTLEMAN'S BOOK."

(See page 286.)